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JAYA & JAYANTA

JAYA & JAYANTA

A Drama

BY

NANALAL DALPATRAM KAVI

Translated by U. K. OZA

HEATH CRANTON LIMITED
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PREFACE

Jaya and Jayanta is the masterpiece of NANALAL, the foremost poet of Gujarat. It is unfortunate that so far no attempt has been made to introduce the English-speaking public to the literary masterpieces of the Gujarati language. The language is spoken by forty millions of Indians on the Western shores of the Arabian sea and being also the language of Indian commerce is not only understood all over India, but has been the chief language of intercourse with the Indian communities settled in East and South Africa. It has a very rich literature, the first great poet to write it in a comparatively modern form being the celebrated Nrisimha Mehta who flourished about the end of the 15th century A.D. Since then the language had Miranbai, the Queen of Chitore, Premanand and Dayaram in the 16th, 17th and the earlier part of the 19th centuries beside a prolific number of minor writers. The pre-modern period of Gujarati was distinguished by the activities of Dalpatram, Nanalal's father and Narmadashankar, the father and bard of social reform in Gujarat. The modern period has been one of exceptionally rapid and all-sided growth. Goverdhan Ram still remains first as a prose romancist, while Nanalal has achieved the very first place as the poet of Gujarat. His countrymen celebrated last year with great eclat the poet's golden Jubilee and unanimously acclaimed him as the foremost living poet of their language.

Nanalal has a message for the world, and he has given it to Gujarat in the Gujarati language ever since he first published his small book "Some Poems" in 1903. Since then he has written much and published about

eighteen works. Jaya and Jayanta, the subject of the present translation and Indukumar are considered his masterpieces.

"Jaya and Jayanta" was first written in 1914. The poet's motive may best be described in his own words. He says in his preface to the work: "My niece, Miss Yas'a Kumari was with me. She had taken a vow never to marry and to lead a life of spiritual chastity. This suggested to me the necessary matter for my work." He proceeds to say: "It is true that the vow of such a life has not been carried to a successful end in many cases and those who never break it are exceptional. The life stories of the inmates of monasteries both in our country as well as in Europe are not uniformly bright and clean. Yet mankind cannot afford to forget the message conveyed by the Ramayana through the life of the ever celibate Hanuman and by the Mahabharata through the life story of the warrior Bhishma who refused marriage and women. In this age of ever-increasing sensuousness the song of the glory of renouncing all opportunities of sensuous enjoyment will sound harsh and out of date to many. The path of platonic love and spiritual celibacy is not smooth, there are infinite temptations in the way, there is risk at every stage, but the heroism of a rarely heroic soul lies in his very fearlessness and supreme faith in the midst of all risks. This however must be clear. The path is not meant for anybody and everybody. It can only be taken up by rarely self-controlled men and women."

Nanalal includes another cognate theme in the drama. The question has often been asked: is love not possible without sexual or physical contact? Nanalal says it is not at all necessary that love should end in physical union.

I shall not say anything here of Nanalal as a poet. He is more of a teacher than a poet. He has however a gorgeous imagination. Of course in spite of having received a University education he is essentially oriental in outlook and expression. It is as an illustration of the new awakening East that this drama is offered to the

English-speaking public. The book may also serve to show that India is not to be understood merely by a study of Blue-books and Official Reports.

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U. K. OZA.

ARGUMENT.

ACT. I.

SCENE 1st.—Prince Jayanta, son of the deceased Prime Minister of the Mountain Land returns after a brilliant victory over the Demons. He is warmly greeted by the people of the land and also by Princess Jaya, the daughter of the ruler. Jayanta proposes marriage to Jaya, but she refuses on the plea that the time was not ripe. An avalanche meanwhile comes dashing down and Jayanta just lifts up Jaya and saves her.

SCENE 2nd.—The King of the Mountain Land wishes to marry Jaya to Jayanta, but the Queen wishes her to marry the Lord of Kas'i, Emperor of the Gangetic Plains.

SCENE 3rd.—Jaya reveals her ideas and aspirations.

SCENE 4th.—Jaya and Jayanta together.

SCENE 5th.—The Lord of Kas'i on his way to the Mountain Land at the invitation of Jaya's parents falls in with a lovely Brahmana maiden in one of the gardens on the outskirts of his kingdom and falls in love with her.

SCENE 6th.—The Sage Divine reviewing the Course of World events.

SCENE 7th.—Jaya refusing to marry the Lord of Kas'i disappears from the palace. Her parents banish Jayanta from the land. The Lord of Kas'i vows that Jaya will be nobody else's wife.

ACT. II.

SCENE 1st.—The maid of the dancing hall whom Jaya had sent in exile has founded a religion of pleasure in company with her lover in the wilds covering part of the Gangetic Plains. Jaya having lost her way after leaving

her home comes up to the temple of her maid on a night of festivities. She is persuaded to join the church but a hunter pursuing her saves her from the clutches of the High Priest and Priestess by a timely shot.

SCENE 2nd.—Jayanta in search of Jaya.

SCENE 3rd.—The Lord of Kas'i returning from the Mountain Land renews his love to the Brahmana maiden.

SCENE 4th.—The Hunter wants Jaya to marry himself. When he is temporarily absent, Tejaba, a girl whom he had kidnapped and imprisoned appears before Jaya with a bow and arrows. Jaya borrows them and shoots the hunter on his return. Both the girls set out for Kas'i, modern Benares.

SCENE 5th.—Jayanta practising austerities in order to be able to find Jaya receives divine inspiration to found a college of physical and spiritual research on the spot he was practising his penance on.

SCENE 6th.—Hermits going to Benares on the Fair of the third of the bright half of the month of Vais'akha and indicating intention to visit Jayanta who is now famous as the Sage of the Supreme Light.

SCENE 7th.—The Fair. Jaya and Tejaba fall into the hands of the Priest of the Temple of Sin in Benares. Jaya falls into the Ganges to save her honor, while Tejaba recognises in the Priest her long-lost brother. The Lord of Kas'i marries The Brahmana Maiden who turns out to be the daughter of the Priest of the Temple of Sin. The parents of Jaya, deprived of their kingdom and wandering after their daughter, wend their way to the famous sage of the Supreme Light.

ACT III.

SCENE 1st.—Jayanta's College. His pupils save Jaya from the Ganges and bring her to Jayanta.

SCENE 2nd.—Pilgrims to the Sage of the Supreme Light.

SCENE 3rd.—Jaya and Jayanta taking their great decision of Love and eternal physical celibacy. Jaya

decides to found a college for women to train them to a life of true wedded love and chastity.

SCENE 4th.—Kas'i has a crown-prince born of the Brahmana consort.

SCENE 5th.—The laying of the foundation-stone of Jaya's College. The gift of Peace to all the troubled of the soul.

SCENE 6th.—Jaya and Jayanta leading their difficult life and Jaya's great faith.

ACT I

Places : The Himalayas, the Forest and Benares.
Time : Twilight of the Bronze and the Iron Ages.

CHIEF DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Devarshi : The High Priest of Gods.
Giriraja : The Chief of the Himalayan Regions.
Jayanta : The son of Giriraja's minister.
Kasiraja : The King of Benares.
Vamacharya : A fallen Occultist.
Tirthagor : The High Priest of the Church of Sin.
Paradhi : The Hunter of animal passions.
Rajaram : Queen of Giriraja.
Jayakumari : Princess, daughter of Giriraja.
Tejaba : Sister of Tirthagor.
Shevati : The Brahmana daughter of Tirthagor.
Nritya Dasi : A maid-servant.

SCENE I

MORNING ON THE SUMMITS OF THE HIMALAYAS.

Enter : Devarshi flying on his ærosandals.

Devarshi : Love supreme is He supreme ;
Mother and Father—
They are Love ;
Daughter and son—
They are Love ;
The wedded couple—
Their God is Love ;
Love is Life's ambrosia—
Love supreme is He supreme.

Mercy, Charity or Devotion,
Salvation, Wisdom, Resignation
All are forms of th'self-same Love ;
The strength of sacrifice rests in Love
For Love rules ever supreme ;
And supreme It is ever Love !

Love material, Love divine—
Of Love the Spheres eternal sing
Love makes the world smell sweet-per-
fumed ;
And Light's resplendence comes from
Love,
For Love is God, and God is Love.

On to Love the soul evolves,
Thro' Love doth shine the Light of life,
Love—and Love and Love Alone—

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The sum of life—the sum of worlds
Is Love supreme—the supreme It.

* * * *

We with a subtler vision, have but this to
see—

Does the world rise high or fall ?

(Surveys the space around)

Here, the slope of the Himalayas—
Climbing, over the hordes of barbarians
Comes, victorious—
Prince Jayanta.

There, up the other slope
Of this mount of Gods
Comes Princess Jaya
To greet the conquering hero home.
—Man—and Woman—
Surely, the world is rising high.

(From behind the summit is heard the
low cooing sound of the song of
Princess Jaya and her companions).

Song : Those are the homes of Gods,
The resting place of space-pervading soul.

Devarshi : Those that find their centre
In pure and noble lives
Rise high, while those that feed
Their fire of life with passion
Stand midway on this Earth.
But those that think and live
On nether planes of thought and act,
Sink lower till they sink no more.

Come up, on high, ye children of Gods
To the Feet of the Supreme Ruler's throne ;

Come on, along the path the Gods have
trod
—The sages' holy track of old !
Here she is,—the Great Detached,
The lustless woman of the Earth ;
The Ever-celibate, Virgin-souled
Of mortal world—is treading here !

(Flies and flying, disappears. Princess
Jaya ready for the celebration of the
victory, comes with the wreath of
victory in her hands, accompanied
by her companions. These come
playing on various musical instru-
ments—some on drums, some on
bugles, some on whistles.)

Jaya and her friends.

SONG.

Slowly, slowly, slowly, friends
Let us scale these mountains high ;
Homes of Gods and Resting Place
Of Space-pervading Soul are they.
To fill to overflow with springs
Of radiant soulfulness our souls,
Slowly, slowly, slowly, friends !
Let us scale these mountains high.
Routed he the Demons' hosts ;
He saved the Gods their world's homage,
Thrilled the Earth with his bowstring's
twang
Announcing thus his victory.

To make the mountain chain resound
With hurras to his dazzling fame,
He comes ; his arrows swish like snakes,
His bowstring snaps like light'ning flash.

To honour him who bears to us
The standard of our victorious race—
Slowly, slowly, slowly friends,
Let us scale these mountains high!

* * * *

One friend. The Lord of Gods invited the Prince,
 And he returns victorious over hordes of
 Huns—
 Greet him, Princess, with the wealth of
 thy life—

Jaya : My land will greet in one concord
Th' heroism of this heroic Prince ;
Thus greeting, too will greet in him
The Godhood of the Gods on high.
Each eye that looks, is spouting forth
Nectar springs round spraying joy,
'Twill greet with them this guest of Gods.

Another friend : Now, how could he ever conquer the demons ?

Jaya : In thy land where but dead darkness rules
It may be hard—to us who dwell
In lands of light, 'tis not so hard
Hordes and hordes of them to overpower.

Nritya Dasi : And look ! As many rays may flash from
single eye
So, like Death's dazzling sceptre
Uncounted arrows flash from the Prince's
bow.

The first friend : Princess, all things he is able to win—but—
Is mind too vulnerable ?

(The beating of the victory-drum from afar.)

“ Fetter the winds and win the Mind ”
Say they ;—methinks, however
Easy are both to Those who know
And see with subtler sight.

Look yonder, like the sacrificial altars
Lie grottos scattered from top to top
Of mountains these, for silent thinking
Carved by Nature for her sons.
And 'tis said : “ Faith's sacred lore
She deposits in Caves of Thoughts.”
There you'll find writ hymns of his glory.
Go, and search inside
And know the words of Wisdom left there
by the Wise.

(Hurrah again for the Victorious Prince.)

Look there ! my friends, do look !
Yonder is the Great Consecrated, Con-
queror of Earth ;

Rises he, as the disc resplendent,
On the Heavens' brink-line, of the sun.
Scattered round his graceful neck
Flying fall his locks of hair
In shimmering mass of shining rays.
In dazzling radiance
Comes this mountain-prince
Like the offspring of That Golden Egg.
Let us on, my mates, and greet—
This glorious standard of the victory
Of these, our mountain—lands

(Summit after summit—breaks forth in
thundering—huzzas of victory, Stand-
ard of the Gods in one hand and
stringed bow and arrows in the other
comes the Prince. Princess Jaya

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greets him with her garland of
victory.)

Jaya and her friends :

SONG.

Hail, Hail to thee, O Prince !
Come, mates one and all,
Come, greet our Prince !
This is the day of joy—the day of joy ;
The music of Victory sounds
Resounding all over the land.
The quarters ring,
Re-echoing.
Prince of glory, come !
Mates, one and all, come, greet !
Hail, Hail to thee, O Prince.
Keenly the world awaits thy coming ;
Give unto Man
The nectars thou hast brought ;
Give unto the Earth the messages of Gods ;
The thundering drums of God-world beat,
The Universe wakes,
Victory wafts thee forth,
Prince of glory, come !
Mates, one and all, come, greet !
Hail, Hail, to Thee, O Prince !

To-day has dawned the sun of joy—
And the mountain—lands are out
For festive orgies, and have raised
Flags of victory o'er the head
Of each uplifting mount,
Floating on the glory of holiday winds.
—What is the Word from Gods ?

* * * *

Jayanta :

Oh ! Jaya, to thine inspiration
do I owe it all.

Thou hast made to burst
To-day's glorious wealth of Joy.
The Gods, have said, Jaya !
"Blessed are
The Mothers of the Earth
Who bore immortal Gods."

Jaya : So long, Prince
As the Sacred Ganges-Jahnu's daughter
flows
So long, Prince
As the milch cow yields her milk
So long shall the mothers of our mortal
world
Bear also on this Earth immortal Gods.
But tell me—was victory ever at the call
Of this, all over-powering arrow thine ?

Jayanta : Jaya, all the good that thou dost will,
Doth always take due shape.
On my way to the Gods' abode,
On the banks of the Heavenly stream,
Luck brought me Vishnu's holy sight.
Was pleased,
And dubbed this humble me—His son,
Disciple too !
And thus did the Lord His boon confer ;
" Shalt strike down targets aimest at."
Thereafter on the twang of mystringed bow.
And the goodly words of the Lord of Gods—
On these two wings came victory flying
forth.

Jaya : Now, as thou, O Prince,
The city of Gods didst save,
Of all mankind thou Saviour be !
Hast brought any other boons ?

Jayanta : On my post the King of Gods
Installed me with these words ;

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"As mine own Crown-Prince, beloved of me
 Art thou, O scion of the Mountain Land."
 And thine name too, like him is Jayanta,
 Go, shalt conquer what thou wilt.
 The Godly nymphs on my head showered
 Full blooming roses of Indra's gard'n.
 The heavenly Queen on my brows did place
 Th' Coronet of incessant luck and said
 "My son, I'll send my nymphs
 For bridesmaids and for singing thee
 Thy wedding song."
 Their nectars sprinkled all th' Immortals
 on my head;
 And placing in my hands the arms of the
 heavenly world,
 They said, "go and-win the world."

Jaya : Then, 'midst this mighty Court of th'
 Earth
 Victorious banner thine thou plant, O
 Prince—

Jayanta : —With mine lone hands, O Jaya ?
 Not by any means.
 None hath ever so won,
 None hereafter will so win !
 'Tis He and Nature paired
 Together create new worlds !
 Oh ! maiden of these mountain—lands !
 Of that all-lighting life—light
 Kindle thou the spark !
 The string of this my bow
 Was twined for me by thee,
 These feathers on my shaft
 were by thee fastened too !
 In thine own holy feet
 I lay this bow and shaft
 That the hordes of Danu's race
 Did vanquish.

Jaya, shall we twine together our lives
like that ?

Thou shalt be my bow—
Thine arrow may I be !

(Lays down his bow and arrow at the
feet of Princess Jaya.)

One of Jaya's friends—(to another) :

God's city's saviour—
Conqueror of the House of Diti,
Favoured of Lord Vishnu Great
The Prince beseeches marriage !
Laying at the Princess's feet
Th' all conquering bow.
Will him the Royal maiden take ?

Jaya : (waking from the absorption of thought)

Jayanta, there is no hurry for Life's
enjoyment—
Time is not yet ripe to-day.

Jayanta :

No hurry and time not ripe ?
Jaya, dost know thou pushest back
The floods of light that flow to thee ?

Jaya :

Unceasing flows the Light of Brahma ;
And is not dimmed though Cycles lapse.
Thy arrow, Jayanta, take up thou !
There's much that waits thy conquest still.
The world is big,—
The world has bigger foes.
Of mind the mighty enemies first thou win,
And settle the earth with Gods,
And make of earth a heaven !
Infinite are both—Hope and Time !
At some place where the mighty stream
of time
Is dammed,
A season there may come

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When I shall thee accept, my Prince,
 And whatever else thou mayest choose
 To give unto my care.
 But still that rosy dawn is far, far off.
 Jayanta ! Conqueror of Diti's race !
 O Jayanta mine !
 Take up thy bow, put it on, set out to win.
 From thy victorious conquest over those foes
 Come back to me !
 What longest thou, shall then be thine !
 Not yet to-day however
 Is that nectar timed to rain.

(Makes Jayanta put on his arrow again.
 A thundering noise in the summit
 regions).

Jayanta . Jaya, look, the snowy mountains fall !

Jaya . Th' earth-bearing serpent shook, O Prince,
 Beneath the weight of thy all conquering
 touch.

Friends : An avalanche, Oh, here comes down the
 holy avalanche !
 This way, Princess Jaya, this way !
 This main road leads to the Palace Royal !
 (They fly in all quarters).

Jayanta : This way, Jaya, this way !
 To the mountain—top
 Where men in tune with Him
 Their final haven seek !

(Lifts up Princess Jaya entangling her
 in his bow, takes one long jump and
 lands safely on the Yoga—summit.
 The avalanche dashes down from the
 heavens with crashing and thundering
 noise into the deep valleys below).

SCENE 2

MID-DAY IN THE HAREM OF THE MOUNTAIN-LAND.

The Queen : No, my Lord ! No, never !

The King : 'Tis ordained by God, O Queen !

The Queen : Then will I undo
What God hath willed.

The King : 'Tis the State's Decree
And the Demos' voice—
No one dare contravene these two.

The Queen : The Queen will contravene the King's
decree.

The King : 'Tis due to Jayanta's victory,
'Tis there in the heart of friends,
My ministers sanction it—
The People's Council wel-come it with
joy—
O Queen, will you alone withhold your
sanction ?

The Queen : The Earth may quake,
The Heavens fall,
Asunder snap Creation's chords ;
Still—no, O King
So soon as the people gave assent,
I left the throne—
I am not bound by that people's voice.

The King : Then will not Jaya wed Jayanta at all ?

The Queen : No ! a Prince of a Royal house
Will my Royal daughter wed.

The King : Bulwark of the Mountain Land is Jayanta,
Saviour of God's City is Jayanta,
Beloved of the Gods is Jayanta,
Hope of the higher men is Jayanta !
Consuming fire of barbarian hordes is
Jayanta !
On the corner-stone of his father's corpse
Is built the throne of my Mountain Land ;
Son of my Premier great, Jayanta—
—Will not Jayanta Jaya wed ?
My Royal Consort, prithee look
Not with the look of thy harem eye,
But from the view point.
Of a warrior's wife ;
Say, seest thou here on earth
A long-armed hero with Jayanta's prowess
great
That makes e'en Heaven do
Homage to his flag there floating high
On winds of Paradise ?

The Queen : No crown does grace your Jayanta's head,
His hand has borne no sceptre !
No Regal throne awaits his stepping in ;
The Royal maiden of the Mountain-Land
But marries a crown, a sceptre and a
throne.

The King : Meseems our warrior light
Is heading towards wane.
Beloved Queen ;
Do maidens of the warrior race
Choose in their Convocations
Bridegrooms blest with worldly wealth

Or those whose all is manly valour ?
Whom does your Royal daughter wed
—The Kingdom or the King ?
To-day, O Queen, your deadly words
Sound in mine ears like the echoing tread
Of the marching hordes of the Iron Age
Drawing, ever drawing near !
The sun and the moon,
As they view the gloom
That shrouds the souls of the scions of
their race
Seem themselves to shiver
And shrink into greater gloom.
I see this Mountain-Land
Bathed all round in flames of lurid fire.
And fall—fall down, I feel
My crown from off my head.
My Queen, just answer me—
Our daughter—whose is she—
Yours or mine ?

The Queen : You laid the seed, my King
And went your way !
I nourished her, suckled her and reared
her,
To-day you come and call her your own
To make her but another's.
Go and ask of the world at large,
They will tell you, Lord—
The fathers have the sons
But the daughters are their mothers'.

The King : My Royal Queen ! words but waste them-
selves.
The King of the Mount Domains
Is less than a lord in his inner rooms ;
In his own palace he is not a King—
I realise this to-day.

The Queen : The mountain lands are all my lord's domain—
Does not the harem fall to me to rule ?

The King : All quarters did my Jayanta win—

The Queen : No, won he not my heart.

The King : Then from what blest house
Would you invite the groom
To match your Princess dear ?
—Has the earth Jayanta's equal ?

The Queen : Whole world does dote on Jaya !
All continents seek her hand.
However Jaya's wedding-garland
The neck of Kasi's King will grace ;
—He, the Overlord of all Aryan race.

The King : Queen, will Kasi's Lord observe
Our race's pledge of following Rama's
Code ?

The Queen : All will, those of spirit chaste,
—And, lord, even Dasratha's code
Is surely not of Danu's race,
You go for chase, my lord
And do you not see the stately buck
Surrounded by his loving roes ?
A royal throne, my lord
May have four golden feet !

The King : But one Crown there is.
The age-long traditions of the race will
you forget ?
And brush aside
My Kingly promise to the People's House ?

And will you disobey
Your wedded lord's behests ?
Do all this and do show
What gain you have ?

The Queen : I score one supreme gain ;
Aye ! Jaya mine
Becomes the Empress of the Aryan Race.

The King : But, Queen, dost call to mind
The prophecy of the heavenly sage ?
“ Jaya will her body keep
Untainted of all manly touch,
Eternal virgin will she be.”

The Queen : I know, my lord
The planets and the stars that rule her life.
The great sage in his greatness also said
“ Jaya will enshrined stand, Queen of
the King of the suzerain of kings.”

The King : That King is Jayanta.

The Queen : Do not insult your sense,
My lord or mine !
Not village has he nor e'en field
—Is he to be the King of Kings ?

The King : Jayanta, the Crown-Prince
of the land of Gods.
Conquest of the Daitya race is his Empire.
Peer of the soul's mighty realm he is—
The world has nought like his domain !
The thunderbolt of Lord Indra's anger—

The Queen : Women are firm as the Earth ;
To-day I send out calls to Jaya's marriage.

The King :

(To the Queen while going).

Then bear too with the firmness of the
Earth.

(To himself).

Indeed, to rule is hard,

But harder still than that

Is to rule a Royal—household.

SCENE 3

THE TERRACE OF THE ROYAL PALACE AND COURTYARD.

Jaya : (absorbed in thought, leaning against
 the parapet of the terrace).

And what means Life ?

Gloom or light ? Peace or virtue ?

O ye who do know life !, Say what

Does life mean ? Night or Day ?

Is it inaction or incessant toil ?

Is it spring or summer hot ?

'Twas this day I was born—

The Earth has gone round

Twice ten times the sun.

I ask you in all my virgin's lowliness,

Speak unto me,

Ye vaults of Nature's secret Lores,

What means this life—

Pleasure or ultimate good ?

(Becomes absorbed again in thought.)

The other day, the avalanche fell,

The summit of the Hill of Gods did rock,

The stately firs

That like the pillars holding up the vault
of skies,

Had firmly stood for ages

Fell, uprooted down ;

From cave to cave, from vale to vale

From wood to wood resounding spread

The thunder, its echoes and re-echoes deep

And lo, the sleeping world awakened ;

And from the mouth of death

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Invited by that whirling cataract of ice
 The Prince with life-giving arms saved me;
 The life of those that live on this earth
 Is but to play in pathways great
 Of icy avalanches.

(Thinks again)

The heavenly sage hath said ;
 To saints good constitutes pleasure
 And pleasure lies in highest good.
 Virtue is eternal peace.
 And peace is their good faith ;
 Who saves both body and man
 —That supreme saint is one
 Whom men may call
 “ Freed from trammels of birth and death ; ”
 To-day is true,
 And so is all to-morrow.
 On the waves of the ocean of Time
 Life is a voyage to the haven of good.

(Nritya Dasi, the maid of the Dancing
 Hall, enters the Court below, dressed
 in the clothes of a princess).

Nritya Dasi : And who has seen to-morrow ?
 True only is the greatness of to-day ;
 Sets one so as to rise again ?
 How many have risen back
 Of those that have once set ?
 Those that shine are only lights ;
 Ha, ha ! for my pleasure—sports
 My yonder saint I tempted
 And made him fall
 A victim to my charms.
 Aye, Princess Jaya was born to-day.
 And she hath put off all her Royal garb
 And the persons of her maids like me
 She has adorned with costly clothes ;

And she herself
Hath donned the robe of maiden-hood ;
And lit the brilliant steady-burning
 Yoga's flame ;
Thus insults she her living present,
And moors her future on mere hope—
Shadows of which life, pray, are these
pursuing her ?

Jaya : Who's there ? Down in the Court ?
The maid of the Dancing Hall !
Aye, 'tis she bedecked as Princess true ;
Forgettest thou
And sayest so in dream—
Illusion are thy words—
False as the lace and stuff
Of the clothes thou wearest.

(Descends to the Court)

Nritya Dasi : Each morn, noon and eve
Lights burst on you in floods
And are not e'en to be sipp'd !
These voluptuous rooms !
These luxuries and these joys !
Surging oceans of youth and beauty meet
And sailing on them like fairy nymphs
Are sandal-made barques of youthful
 maids—
What tornadoes of passion are here raised !
Each maid has plucked her Pleasure's
 Crown
From the seven-hued rainbow stretching
 yon !
What boiling tides of hot desire
Surge and simmer yon !

(Jaya with her robe of Yoga life enters
the Court-Yard).

To live in the full-blown garden of joys
 And then to say : " Thou shalt not smell."
 In a Palace's intoxicating plenty and pride
 To place your lives, and then command
 " Thou shall not 'joy the dreams of thy
 sleep ! "

To make these milk-hued palaces
 Fair as the moon's own snowwhite home
 Into a cave-like hermitage of vows !
 I ask you all, can that be done ?

Jaya : Maid, what look you for in your mind of
 minds ?

The palaces of the earth
 Hold not all dressed-up Princesses
 Like you in their bosoms pure.
 Character lends light to beauty
 And youth doth blaze forth coupled with
 self-control.

The chambers of the Palaces
 Are white and pure
 Thanks to the chaste and virtuous lives
 of brilliant sheen
 Lived nobly by their noble inmates ;
 You weave out of your heart your own web
 And like a spider fasten yourself within.

Nritya Das : Princess Jaya,
 Have you ever known
 Murky seas of darkness won ?

Jaya : Overwhelming are these clouds of dark-
 ness ;
 Yet the shimmer of the sun's ray breaks
 them up
 Maid ! Virtue is mightier than Vice.
 In our northern lands
 Six months are night, and six are day ;
 For a fortnight blooms the roseate dawn.

For those that have drunk
The nectars of those holy dawns—
Of rare effulgence these Godly morns,
For those 'tis never hard
To conquer worlds of murk.

Nritya Dasi : The night the avalanche fell
I caused the great saint fall from his vow—

Jaya : Of ill luck art thou, O maid ;
Is my Yoga hermitage for Yoga
Or for wily Circean nymphs of the dancing
hall ?
Alas ! Alas ! how many saints do fall
Tempted by those sylphs
—Themselves the elementals of their
powers great ?

Nritya Dasi : And even in heaven,
Do there not dance these nymphs ?

Jaya : Nobler than your heaven
Are our huts of pure communion
Scattered wide in our Mountain-Land
They are the gateways to the Home of
Infinite It.
Maid, what will you have,
Pleasure or Peace ?

Nritya Dasi : Pleasure, Princess !

Jaya : Peace, maid, you forget.
What will you have—
Soul or body ?

Nritya Dasi : Body, Princess !

Jaya : Soul, maid, you forget again
The body dies, The soul for ever lives.

Nritya Dasi : Infinity the Soul has there to enjoy
 While limits are there for th' Body.
 Immortal the Soul, O Princess
 —And therefore That can wait—
 The Body dies, O Princess
 And therefore it may not wait.
 Say, after death, how may we this Body
 enjoy ?

Jaya : Dressed up as one of Royal House
 Makes none a Princess ;
 The maiden of a Royal Heart
 Is alone the Princess of the World.
 Leave from this day the Royal Court of
 the mountain-King.
 Even palaces mine
 Are like the Yoga hermitage to me.
 Go, and pollute not my holy Hills
 With your impure, all-soiling breath.

Nritya Dasi : Yonder spreads the Earth her spaces
 vast,
 O Princess, for you and for me.

(*Nritya Dasi* descends into the valleys.
Jaya again ascends the giddy heights
 of thought).

Jaya : And what means Life ?

SCENE 4.

ON THE BANKS OF A LAKE IN THE HIMALAYAS.

(A swan comes first running and flies away; behind it enter Jaya and Jayanta running after it in order to seize it).

Jaya : Away, flew away, Jayanta
That charming royal-bird.

Jayanta : Flew away, lost, could not be grasped
Like some great poet's fancy—
Are left thy cages birdless,
But, Jaya! wilt say
Was it he or she?

Jaya : That which eludes the grasp is he
Like a lion stepping in stately march.

Jayanta : That is
She which eludes all grasp
Springing away with the speed of th' mind
Like a startled lioness.

Jaya : What's it that can be caged?
The parrot or the thrush.

Jayanta : The thrush of the woods.

Jaya : The parrot of the Park.

Jayanta : Both, my Princess Jaya !
Both are roses of but one plant.
You and I are both the same.
Neither can grasp either of us.
Jaya, wilt sing
The invitation song to swans ?

Jaya : Will the swan come back
On hearing it ?

Jayanta : At thy call will the shimmering lights of
heaven crowd
—Will mere swan not come ?
When he hears thy heavenly song,
Will feel the Manas even like desert wild.

Jaya : Then, Jayanta, shall I sing the song ?
(sings her song of invitation to swans)

SONG.

Come and grace this lonesome lake,
O Royal Swan,
Come and grace this lonesome lake.
Come and wake your olden song,
O Royal Swan,
Come and grace this lonesome lake.
Where your moon-white Manas Lake
And where our poor and earthly bank ?
Where your body white as virtue's soul
And where our craggéd Mountain-Land !
O heavenly bird ! we've nothing of heaven
here
Yet come to our lake to whiten and up-
lift us.

(Behind them in the lake come two
swans floating)

Full of life force and of graceful necks,
Full of love with slow and stately steps,

You come and lend rare charm to the
waters—
Come, and grace the lake of our hearts ;
O Royal Swan,
Come and grace the lake of our hearts
Grace the lake of our hearts.

* * * *

Jayanta : The stars of the sky, Jaya
Have verily descended
To the lake's charming banks.
Lo ! there on the water's wavelets !

Jaya : A virtue-flame pair of royal swans—
Let us go, and catch them, Jayanta.

Jayanta : Slow, my Jaya, slow !
They'll fly away if thou dost hurry.
Catch them with thy art, O Jaya—
These, you know, are stately royal swans.

Jaya : Look, look ! How graceful do they look ?
In the cloudy sky O' the lake
Two moons with crowns.

Jayanta : As if two lotus bouquets
Born of waters same !

(Jaya and Jayanta proceed to catch
the swans)

(To himself while doing so).

No, not for this royal bird
'tis hard to cross the mountain tops of
heaven o'er.

Jaya : (To herself while doing so).
And this my swan
Has wings of art and love !
Lofty are the terraces

JAYA AND JAYANTA

Of the skies of his great world.
 Will fly to the court of Infinite It
 Piercing the orb of limited worlds.
 Fly high, Jayanta—
 I shall not stand in thy way.

(Jayanta proceeds to one bank of the lake, while Jaya proceeds to the other just opposite.)

Jayanta : Jaya, catch it—aye, with art !

Jaya : Jayanta, catch it, yes—
 I wish to put them both in my cage.

Jayanta : Jaya, Two birds of the waters same !

Jaya : Jayanta, Two birds of the colour same !

(Both enter the waters. God Cupid flying on lotus wings is seen descending from space.)

Cupid : Cupid, draw thy bow
 That conquers all,
 Open there you find just now.
 Of this love-bathed pair
 The fortress portals of the souls,
 Strike them down with thy flow'ry shafts

(the flower-arrowed God shoots two arrows. Neither strikes Jaya or Jayanta and both fall back into the lake).

Hullo ! In vain ! Of no avail !
 Missed, ye Born of Mind, you missed your mark.
 Your invincible dart stands this day
 vanquished ?

O Mind's Storm Raiser,
The intoxication of the Earth
Has not yet tainted their souls.
They are white and pure
Like unto the lustre-hued
Bodies of the pair of yonder swans.
These gardens are not for me to sport.

(Cupid vanishes. After some time Jaya
and Jayanta catch a bird each.)

Jaya : Caught, Jayanta, Look here,
Without a peck from its bill !
I caught it !

(Both draw nearer).

Jayanta, I have caught the royal swan
In the cage of my creeper-arms.

Jayanta : And I have caught my she-bird too
In my bosom which warms her so,
Jaya, the he-swan can be caught—
And so can the she-bird,
Provided you know—
And both can be caged too.

Jaya : But how white and how soft !
Their bodies are made of moonlight pure.

Jayanta : They feed on pearls, Jaya !
And hence their moonlight frame.

Jaya : If in virtue's garden men may live,
May they too have
Such pure white forms in bloom ?

Jayanta : No doubt, Jaya !
The virtuous have their virtuous face,
The sinful have their sinners' forms.

Jaya : Their feather beds have
The softness of a lily's petals.
And, Jayanta, did you mark
Their eyes so full of living nectar ?

Jayanta : 'Tis with these nectar eyes
They feel water from the milk,
And separate these
As if they were poison and ambrosia.
They live in the waters pure of the Manas
Lake.
Their sight sees pure at once, Jaya.
In their eyes is the power of pure vision
placed.

Jaya : And is it no sin to place
This sagelike royal bird in the cage ?
If placed in a palace, how will the sun
Give light and life to the Creation ?
Go, fly away, royal bird,
To your world of light.
Not fit for you
Are we.

(Jaya lets off the swan)

Jayanta : The swan has gone,
I cannot the she-bird keep pining after him.
And sin doth touch
The most self-less too ;
—No, I cannot keep her
I cannot keep her so pining
Even in the cage of one's heart.
Go, my queenly swan, go to thy land.

(Jayanta lets off the she-bird. Both
stand for a moment absorbed in
thought).

Jaya, as they were—
Our hands and hearts !

Jaya : The savage found a precious stone
And knew not how to care for it.
Into the ocean's surging tide
Were flung away our precious gems.
—In deep mid-ocean
Sank our jewels down.

Jayanta : Sing thy song, again, Jaya.
And call once more to thy court
The flock of royal swans.
The night has not come down on us—
The day's bright sun is still in heavens
high.
They'll come, these residents of the world's
high places—
Convoke these free birds' congregations.

Jaya : But who ever comes like that ?
And why should they go if they want to
return !

Jayanta : They went, Jaya
When thou lettest them go !

Jaya : Well, then will I sing my calling song,
Inviting that immortal flock.
If they do not, thou at least may'st hear.

SONG.

Come and grace the lake of my heart,
O Royal Swan,
Come and grace the lake of my heart.

(Singing this song both ramble in the
woods on the bank of the lake.)

SCENE 5.

TWILIGHT IN THE GARDEN ON THE BORDERS OF THE
FOREST.

(Enter : Kasi Raja—King of Benares,
playing on a flute).

Kasi Raja : The city has not what the jungles have.
What dense groves of thick-foliagéd trees
are these ?
And what Elysian garden this within ?
Parks and parks of sheer oblivion !
Here must be coming down
The Godly nymphs to pass their pleasure
hours.
I have accepted
The invitation to marriage from the
Mountain Land,
And am bound for the plateaus of the
heavenly hills
For this night I'll camp here
In the arbours of this beauteous grove.
Like a lovely maiden's limbs
While she enters woman-hood,
With flowers of variegated hues
This garden stands inflamed !
O thou, woodland's sylvan deity,
Say if thou hast thy lover-God.

(Roams in the groves. Enter S'evati
plucking flowers and singing.)

SONG.

S'evati : Gather, oh, gather this wealth of flowers
 So may flower hearts, my friends !
 Weave, oh weave a garland of flowers,
 So weave together hearts, my friends !

Kasi Raja : (from behind a cover of thick-grown
 creepers.)
 O ho ! O ho ! This is the flower-God-
 dess's own song !
 Gather, maiden, gather this whole earth's
 floral wealth
 In the full bloom of their infinitude.

SONG.

S'evati : No mate is there to help me pluck !
 All woodland over I gather alone !
 I gather each bowing, blushing creeper ;
 Gather and sing my madness in song !
 Gather, O gather such flowers, my friends.

Kasi Raja : This cooing note !
 'Tis earth's cuckoo cooes !
 And at each cooing burst forth rays
 Of gladness from each petal of these
 flowers.
 Maiden sweet ! In thy throat
 The fountain springs
 Of vocal sweetness of all worlds lie hidden
 Placed by Nature's hands.
 Thy chaste maidenhood's sheen
 Shines through the sari of thy beauteous
 skin
 How does the creeper of thy person dance !
 The flower creepers blush and droop
 Retiring within themselves of shame.
 Are the heavenly nymphs all thy pupils ?
 Lovely maid, whose fortune
 Art thou destined to render peerless ?

SONG.

S'evati :

Far far is the hut of my lover,
Near it blooms a garden of flowers ;
We meet on Love's stream's holy banks,
To gather day to day but flowers ;
Gather, O gather these flowers, my friends !

Kasi Raja :

Oh ! the mind has run away—
This body alone stands.
And that shall go to thee
For worship thine, O lovely one !
Shines there the flame of beauty thine,
And here flies the moth of my heart.
Slow, my wings, be slow ;
Do not burn yourself nor put out that
other.

S'evati :

Far—Far, but how far, pray ?
My stars have fixed the Ganges' banks.
But where—and who
Will be this maiden's lover-mate ?
I turned back, my friends came not
To gather flowers of so long afar.
My basket's full to overflowing
with the perfumed wealth
of the woodland wilds.
There's my swing on the bough of the
mango tree.
Come, high in the space of the skies
shall I madly move my swing.

(Sits on the swing and swinging sings).

SONG.

My swing, ho !
On the bending bough of the mango tree !

(*Kasi Raja* plays his flute in accom-
paniment).

That flute !—who played its note !
 That flute—
 The age-old piercer of hearts !
 Does not rise—is cross
 Like my mates my swing to-day !

(Kasi Raja shows himself at the same
 time playing his flute.)

Kasi Raja : Heavenly maid !
 Thou putt'st in these flowers
 Their very flowerhood.
 Thou art the Goddess of the notes of this
 flute.
 Will you let me move your swing ?
 The Gods are rocked on a floral swing.
 The petal of the rose
 the breath of the wind does swing.
 O let me rock the rosebud of thy frame ;
 Shall rock as well and high as I can.

S'evati : The sacrificial fires burn for e'er on our
 family hearth.
 Not a Godly nymph—
 A Brahman's virgin daughter I.
 Like my friends to-day
 E'en my swing is cross with me.

Kasi Raja : But Fortune with me is not cross.
 Swing, swing in this forest grove
 Like the presiding deity
 Of Love's full self-abandonment
 and sing your song
 That sends a shaft
 Through the hearts of all three worlds.

(Kasi Raja rocks the swing. S'evati
 while being rocked sings her song.)

SONG.

S'evati :

My swing, ho !
 On the bending bough of the mango tree.
 On the bending bough of the heavenly tree,
 On the bending twig of Love's undying
 creeper

My swing, ho !
 On the bending bough of the mango tree.
 Like the light'ning shaft in the sky ;
 And poesy in the poet's eye ;
 So sweeping 'cross the heart, ahigh
 Love's King
 Doth sing.

My swing, ho !
 On the bending bough of th' heart
 On the bowing creeper of th' heart
 On the lowly sapling of th' heart,
 My swing, ho !
 On the lowly sapling of th' heart.

(S'evati comes off the swing with a
 jump)

S'evati :

(to herself)

The God O' Love's own self !
 In full tide do my life-breaths swell
 At sight of him !

Kasi Raja :

Rocking on the lotus swing,
 O maiden sweet, you seem to me
 World's lustrous aura having shape !
 Will you bless your guest ?

S'evati :

Your crown bespeaks you King.

Kasi Raja :

May that crown adorn your brow ?
 That love's great master, Dushyanta
 Had his put on S'akuntala's brow,
 That paragon of beauty and grace.

S'evati : When heart strikes heart, O Prince !
Are lit up there lights of rare flames.
Eyes greeted you at sight—
My life went out to you so soon
As I knew you.
O crownèd guest !
Give as you ask for.

Kasi Raja : Hearts are aswing ;
And the swing again
Is one unbroken soar and song.

S'evati : Play on your flute,
And waken the charm of life.

(Two cuckoos from two mango trees coo)

Stop, O King, just wait
Do not tune your lovely flute ;
Do not strike your shafts of notes.
I shall learn the lesson at your feet ;
Then we may wage a war of notes.
And in the end in one symphonious tune
Will our flutes to each of us harmonious
speak
Like the saplings of the mango trees,
Like the cooing of these cuckoo-lutes.

Kasi Raja : For but this day I am your guest.
O Brahman maid !
In the morn the bird must fly.
Of your sweet hospitality
A souvenir will you let me have ?

S'evati : If he has once gazed
On the lilies of the heart,
The royal swan will sure return.
The pure do will but purely—
What may I give, O Prince ?

Kas'ī Raja : Flesh hungers for the flesh ;
 The soul too thirsts for soul.
 But for one thing, O maiden, do I long !
 On the Kshatriya Prince's crown of glory
 Be the crest of Brahma flame,
 My S'akuntala—queen of beauties' world—

S'evati He had his gift and sent he no return—
 This is Prince Dushyant's old-known fame.

Kas'ī Raja : The loss of memory arose from a curse,
 But, Brahma-maid,
 The memories of your blessing sweet
 Are framed in the plate of sure existence—

S'evati . In that case, lord
 The temples of my sou ,
 My person's palace
 Are wholly yours.
 Be nine hundred thousand heavenly stars
 My witness to this gift.

Kas'ī Raja : O Brahma maid,
 Nature beareth witness to our promise this
 With her million eyes.
 The cuckoos do
 And so do flowers around.
 So long as flowers emit perfume
 And nightingales warble their sweet notes,
 We also shall
 In ambrosial arbours of our love
 Smell sweet and warble
 Notes of love's ecstatic ditty

(Both exchange love-greetings)

SONG.

Come, ho ! Come, ho !

Lovely maid !

Come, ho ! to the arbour of love !

S'evati : Come, my cultured Master wise ;

Kas'i Raja : A million suns shine in your eyes ;

S'evati : Come, ho ! my highest Bliss

Kas'i Raja : Come, ho ! to the arbour of love !
Come to the banks of Love's own stream !
Come, the creepers strew on the path
Flowers

S'evati : For my king of love.

Kas'i Raja : Come, ho ! to the arbour of love !

S'evati : (Pointing to the garden)
How beauteous has the garden bloomed ?

Kas'i Raja : (Pointing to *S'evati*)
Aye, beauteous has the garden bloomed !

S'evati : (Pointing to the garden)
Pollens there do sweetly smell !

Kas'i Raja : (Pointing to *S'evati*)
Pollens here do sweetly smell !

S'evati : (Placing her head on the broad chest of
Kas'i Raja owing to the overpower-
ing bashfulness of love.)
'Tis my everlasting luck !

Kas'i Raja : Come, ho ! in the arbour of love
(Both go into the grove)

SCENE 6.

Time and Place: THE MEDITATION—CAVE OF YOGIS—
OCCULT PHILOSOPHERS.

Devarshi : To-day let me open the annals of the Earth,
And read three chapters of three ages.
Let me enter on retirement within
To have a glimpse of the world's great
wheel,
And let me unravel also to-day
Deep secrets of creation's womb.

(Assumes a meditative posture and
retires within himself in the Cave);

Burst, O deep ravines of the Earth !
The Yogi commands.
Send up the Past,
the sage of hoary yore !

(The Past comes up from within the
Earth).

The Past : Command, O Master Great.

Devarshi : Son, how hast thou served the world ?

The Past : Great Master !
History embodied am I.
Creation's memory too.
The epic of mankind's deeds.
The book of strange and weird things ;
The experience and wisdom of great men.
Broad is my point o' view, O Master ;
In indelible nectarine letters
The good deeds of good men I write ;

In words of sermons do I trace
 Errors of many an evil life.
 To travellers I show
 Their danger-pits and chasms deep
 Yawning beneath the velvet turf.
 Of the manhood of mankind
 I wrote four Vedic books
 And placed them in four quarters.
 Master Sage !
 The beautiful palace of creation is this,
 And I its rock-bed base,
 Old as the Universe itself ;
 Immovable as the Brahma—
 My name is " Was "

(Disappears).

Devarshi : Stop, swift-racing winds
 The Yogi commands
 Send up the Present—
 The sage who knows no death !

(The Present emerges from the winds.)

The Present : Your behest, my Master ?

Devarshi : Son, what good art thou doing the world ?

The Present : Great sage,
 I am the living image of life ;
 Its action and its motion me ;
 The canto of man's epic great
 In course of being written fro' day to day ;
 The moving pen of the strange and the
 weird ;
 'Tis I that trace
 On the screens of the visible and th'
 invisible worlds
 The alternate tints of night and day
 Together with shades of light and gloom.

Sharp-eyed am I, O sire mine !
 The mind of mankind,
 The feet of those that walk,
 The aura that all chaste men breathe,
 The shadow shrouding evil souls ;
 The music great of lives lived well.
 Wayfarers on the highway of life
 To me like mirrors are
 None is that is not strung
 Along the cordon of my camp ;
 Great sage !
 The beautiful palace of creation is this,
 And I its flower—garden
 Bright with varied floral tints
 Exhaling rare ambitions and hopes,
 My name—my sire—" Is."

(Disappears).

Devarshi : Open, O blue curtains of the sky ;
 The Yogi commands,
 Send down the Future
 Sage of miracles great !
 (The Future comes down from the sky.)

The future : Orders, Lord !

Devarshi : Son, what good wilt thou do the world ?

The future : Prince of masters,
 Ideals incarnate am I ;
 The hope of man and God ;
 Creation's poetry and song,
 The pleasure of high Providence,
 Far-sighted and high-visioned, Lord !
 The supreme magnet which all must feel.
 Standing like the noonday sun,
 On creation's summit high

I send down silken threads of shining
 rays
 For man to catch and scale on high.
 I am zeal,
 And will am I
 And inspiration too ;
 I am the vision of th' elixir of life ;
 The prop of the falling—
 The fatigued I revivify.
 The final haven of pilgrims all,
 The realisation of those that seek ;
 The store-house, too, of all that th' world
 Can hold, can take, can give.
 Concentre of world's evolving wheel ;
 Man's subtler sight.
 O Sage divine,
 The beautiful palace of the world is this
 I am its tower and its flag
 Rising higher than the highest sky,
 Like the Light-house of the Port
 That leads to him, the highest Soul :
 My name—" Will Be."

(Disappears ; Devarshi wakes up from
 Meditation.

Devarshi :

Memory, Act and Ideal ;
 History, Life's voyage, final Liberty.
 The Creator, made all three
 for creation's evolving high.
 There lie the Himalayan layers of the past
 Retired within themselves,
 Unmoved, like seekers after truth.
 From them is born
 The Ganges of the " Now."
 Its stream then straggles through a garden
 land.
 Along its banks are holy shrines
 And holy saints' and holy seekers' huts.

They sanctify Life's pilgrim souls
 Who, borne along the stream
 Emerge on the great free sea of Brahma-
 hood.

Say "the world," and there you say
 The Law of Evolution,
 The ever-welcoming steps
 To the Home of the Supreme God.
 Neither is the world untrue
 nor Godless.

"This," the Gita says—

"Is not what wise men ought to say."

To Gods and wise men

"He is the Truth,"

"The world is the Truth"

And "the soul and the God

Are mated at the heart."

The stream, the holy stream of time,

The mighty river of the destiny of the
 world!

Ye, all created things!

Cry victory to Time and Space

Conflowing even as

The Ganges and the Jumna do—

Victory to Him and His work!

(Devarshi sings: created things join
 in chorus.

Created things :—

SONG.

Oh! hail, Hail, ho!

The universe calls him It!

Oh! hail, Hail, ho!

The Earth calls him God!

The great dark pages of the sky are spread;

In letters of light have hymns been writ,

Time and Space in sequence straight—

These in one great song edit.

This—creation's mighty book ;
Call him Brahma—Supreme Good.
Oh ! Hail. Hail Oh !
The universe calls him It.

Devarshi :

“ I am Death, the great,
The waster of worlds ”
O Lord, is but onesided truth ;
Death brings great ebbs on Earth,
Creation's tide swells greater still.
Sing, oh sing once more
The song of human good, O Lord !
The Vedic hymn of that great Truth
For ever true and everywhere
“ I am Time, the Great,
Evolver of the worlds.”

SCENE 7

AFTERNOON IN THE SPRING-COURT OF THE ROYAL PALACE
OF THE MOUNTAIN LAND.

(Maid servants are seen putting final
touches to decorations.)

One Maid Servant :

Here, string this lily wreath
On to the sandal gangways
Of these Royal Chambers.
So will everybody's heart too bloom—

Second Servant :

I place crowns on thrones,
One to each ;
He'll put it on who comes.

Third Servant :

Greet Kas'i Raja this day
With all the regal wealth of the Mountain
Land.

Second servant :

All day long to-day
We have decorated this spring-court
And have not spared ourselves !
And yet somehow
It never looks just bright.
Shadows seem to spread themselves
Over all the light we give.

First servant : 'Tis evening ; the light is dim ;
(Princess Jaya's song from afar)

JAYA AND JAYANTA

SONG.

Mates, a lonely moon hath risen.

Third servant :

There bursts forth in full soaring flight
A heart brimming o'er with joy.
Come, Come, oh flower deities
From your floral land !
There rains the storm of song
Soul-soothing—plunge in its ecstasy.

(Other friends come from the groves.
Enter Jaya singing)

Jaya and her friends : SONG.

The moon hath risen, my mates
Over my spacious court,
The moon of hope and sad despair.
Lo ! She hath come in her yellowish robes
—The moon of forlorn love ; my mates.

Chorus :

The moon hath, etc.
From the window of the sky
Peeps the moon on us from high,
The lilies of the pond of the heart—
Their countless eyes do open with a start !

Jaya, etc. :

Mates, a lonely moon hath risen,
Mates, she shines in the window of the
skies.
But she settles not on the crown on my
head.

Chorus :

The moon hath risen, my mates,
Over my spacious court,
The moon of hope and sad despair—
She will shine for yet a while
And then her crescentlet will set ;
And so will the hopes of our hearts,

Shine or set like the moon on high ?
Will you tell me, Prince,
Oh ! will you tell me, Prince
What is the brighter half of life ?

Chorus : Lo ! she hath come in her yellowish robes
The moon of hope, and sad despair.

* * * *

Jaya : Tell me,
Why is the Spring Court
Decorated thus this day ?

First servant : How now ?
Feigning ignorance, Princess ?
Love-sparkling
You have come adorned,
And as if you did not know,
Such questions ask of us ?

Jaya : Silence, answer straight.
Like deep darts pierce
The rays of light
My body to-day.

Second servant :
The whole Mountain-Land is out for joy—
For Princess Jaya this day weds
The Lord of Kas'i.

Jaya : The tongue of her who says so
Lieth much.
Will the royal daughter of the Godly
mounts
Go down to the lap o' the Earth ?
The Ganges fell,
And her waters mixed with dust.
The maiden will, 'tis true
Scale the ever-snowy tops of Himine range,

JAYA AND JAYANTA

But never will she fall
To the Earth's degrading depths.
Go all of ye and leave the court.

(*Exit servants*)

Cheated. Mother has cheated me !

(takes off and flings away her ornaments).

Mother, you a mother and cheated me ?
Where now will daughters find
The solace of their hearts ?
Go, burn to ashes,
Decorations of the Court of Spring ?

(Takes off and flings away the decorations of the Spring Court.)

In the morning asked her—
what was up ?

She said " 'Twas festive spring."

Of the noon-day asked her—

What was up ?

She said " we worship

Goddess of luck to-day—

Come, daughter mine,

In Princess' full attire."

Cheated—the mother did cheat her
daughter !

No—not will Jaya take

In this or any other life

The hand of Kas'i's Lord.

(She stands beneath an as'oka tree.
Enter Jayanta with his wedding
present.)

Jayanta :

(To himself on seeing Jaya).

She ? She herself !

Her face the glow of anger high lights up !

Indignation incarnate !

Lioness dragged out from her lair !

The scorching flame of the noon-day sun !
Her eyes rain fire
As if will burn the whole Mountain Land !
How fly like sparks of Final Flame
Shafts of lightning from all her frame ?

(Approaches her)

Incessant luck, Princess Jaya !
May I place on your brow
This crown of the Queen of Gods ?

Jaya : Jayanta !
And you too laugh at me ?

Jayanta : Jaya ! The winds have whispered
" Weds Jaya Kas'i's Lord this day."
Your wedding present have I brought.

Jaya : Give me, give it to me, Jayanta
(Jaya takes the crown in her hands.)
Listen, O people of this earth,
Look, O ancestral spirits above.
Not Lord Indra
But 'tis Indra's throne
The Queen of Gods doth wed.
(Gazing at Jayanta with a side glance.)

And with her crown,
Jayanta Jaya's brow adorns.

Jayanta : Oh ! do not kill me, Jaya !
With the daggers of thy glance.
Do not crush me with the missile of thy
words !
Give me, Jaya, give that crown to me.
(Takes back the crown).

What does not please thee
Is not fit to be.
Break—

(Tries to break the crown.)

Jaya : Let it be, Jayanta, let it be.
The lucky crown of Indra's queen.
If not to-day, to-morrow may yet see
The royal daughters O' many an earthly
king
Wed, not kings, but thrones.
For them thou mayest keep that crown.

Jayanta : Then what wilt thou have,
O royal maiden, as thy wedding gift ?
The cows will soon come back from pas-
ture-land
And the virgin bride will be given away.

Jaya : Brother to me is the Lord of holy Kas'i,
Prince.
My father in faith is he who hath
The holy Canopy.

Jayanta : What ? Will Jaya not be wife to Kas'i
Raja ?

Jaya : No, Prince Jayanta, no !
The lustrous daughter of the Godly
Mountain Land
will never fall
From summits high to the base below.

Jayanta : The Ganges went, Jaya
And saved Sagara's sons.
Not for thyself, but for others
Do thou go, stoop down and save ;
Kasi's queen is the mother in faith
of Aryavarta, Jaya !

Go and be thou Brahma-Mother
Of the great world-saviour Aryan race.

Jaya : But the Gangotri is the Ganges' mother.
Whence may I get, O Jayanta,
My holy hermitages of the sacred mounts
In that city of the Earth !

Jayanta : What of the royal commands of the King ?

Jaya : What of the royal vow of the daughter of
Kings ?

Jayanta : That is thy ego, Jaya ?
'Twill not do ;
'Twill make thee unhappy too.
Fortune hath sent thee, a plate
full of auspicious gifts—
why spurn it, maiden ?
Devarshi hath prophesied
"In Jaya's fate are writ
The groves of Benares !"
And here's much more than
Fate had writ for thee,
A regal palace for the forest grove.

Jaya : I'll bend cross Fate to my will.
If e'er I inhabit
Kas'i's forest groves,
In their woodland bush
I'll build
My Brahma palace
to uplift the world.
But no—the daughter of the holy mounts
will never wed a denizen of the vale.

Jayanta : Kas'i Raja arrives to day—
wilt thou insult thy guest ?
(Jaya is startled).

Jaya : Does he come to-day,
The Lord of the holy place—
To our Mountain Land ?
(Is absorbed in thought for a while.
Then with firmness.)
Jayanta, pay him my respects
and ask him to pardon me.

Jayanta : How now ? What makes thee
Say so, Jaya ?

Jaya : Jayanta ! Some one calls me there,
And I go—there in the hills.
Their summits shall I scale,
Shall wash myself of sins,
And shall make my 'bode 'midst Gods.
Had enough and more, Jayanta,
Of the joys that fill
The palaces of Kings.
Hark, some one calls
There from on the hill tops.
Off I go !

Jayanta : Jaya ! Think before you act
So remorse may not take hold of thee.
Sow thou seeds of to-day
To make to-morrow
the blessing of thy life.

SONG.

Jaya : Ah, there it halloos :—
The Peacock of the hills ;
The mate in low notes echoes back.
With one bound leaps my heart,
My soul doth rock ahigh on th' swing.

Jayanta : Not thine life's call is this, Jaya !
Nor the cooing of the soul,

Nor the stream that's born of the heart—
'Tis but fancy running mad ;
'Tis the lure of forest dark.

Jaya : Ah, there's the halloo on the tops.
The Gods, and Goddesses play and laugh.
The remnant of my life doth lie
On mountain heights, in forest depths.

Jayanta : That is not the way of the world,
O Jaya, not the call of Gods.
Not the light that comes O' the Lord !
'Tis but fancy running mad,
'Tis the lure of forces dark.

Jaya : Ah ! there it halloos
The Peacock of the Hills—
The mate in low notes echoes back.
With one bound leaps my heart
My soul doth rock a-high on th' swing.
The Peacock and its mate call me,
Jayanta ! I go—
Off into the summit range
(Jaya turns her steps to the summits.)

Jayanta : No, I shall not let you go, Jaya.
(Jayanta tries to seize her, but with one
plunge, Jaya is off.)
She's off, the Princess has gone,
Like the fleeting Lightning flash.
Gone, Jaya, you have gone.
Like the arrow shot off the string,
The star of beauty true has set
From the firmament lit
With the world's few beauteous stars.
Well, go and for ever blessed be,
But never wilt thou go, O Jaya,
Out of Jayanta's life !

(Jayanta goes amongst the flower beds.
Kas'i Raja, the King of the Mountain-Land and his Queen enter with their retinue).

The Queen : Lord of the holy place ;
This is our Court of the Spring,
And—
(looks for Jaya.)

Kas'i Raja : Fair dame,
Seems to be the very tank of beauty.

Giri Raja : And there lie spread the mountain-lands.

Kas'i Raja : Seem made to hold but heroes.

The Queen : These are beds of the heavenly flowers

Kas'i Raja : Seem so many clusters of stars,
And when the virgin Princess sports
'midst them,
She must look the rising orb of the full-moon day.

The Queen : (Not seeing Jaya as yet.)
But where is my Jaya ?
Bring her—the light of my House,
For this king of guests to greet.
(Some attendants go to fetch her)

Kas'i Raja : Your majesty of the mountain-lands
Where will the wedding be ?
Here or there ?

Giriraja : Where your majesty of the holy city rules :
If you please in the Mountain Land,
Is so it please you, on the holy
Kas'i's banks.

Kas'ri Raja : (to himself)
What are these non-committal words ?
Why dark with a cavern's depth ?
Wait—let us see how the next verse reads.

The Queen : We shall raise, like so many suns
Bright bonfires of festive days
From top to top of the snow-clad range.
And in letters of effulgent light
Shall write in heavens high
“Jaya is wed to the holy Lord of the
holy town.”
(Enter an attendant)

Attendant : Your Majesty, the Princess Jaya
Is nowhere to be found.

Queen : Jaya nowhere to be found ?
(Another attendant brings Jayanta.)

The Other Attendant :
Lady Queen, the Princess Jaya
Is nowhere to be found ;
But in the Jasmine Bower
I found the Prince Jayanta.
—Was writing all over the ground
“Jaya is gone.”

Giriraja : What ? Is Jaya gone !
Where is she gone !
Speak, Jayanta, where is Jaya gone !
Jayanta : Jaya is gone 'midst the mountain-tops.

The Queen : Oh ! He it is who sent away
My royal daughter.

Giriraja : Jayanta ! speak, where is she gone !
Why is Jaya gone away !

Jayanta : The royal maiden has forsaken her princely home,
She heard her future call
And was off 'midst summits of the hills.
(To Kas'i Raja.)
Lord of the holy spot,
You are the master of the holy town !
The Princess Jaya
Maidenly respects sends to you :
" The King of Kas'i
Is as father unto me in faith.
Him Jaya shall not wed ! "
So spake the daughter of the Royal House
And set out for the summits of the range.

Queen : Jayanta ! That's a fair return
For all the breeding I have given thee.
Thy father, the minister great
Was verily the life and soul
Of the Mountain Land and its king.
On death bed he handed you to me.
Did I bring thee up with all the nectar of
my heart, Jayanta—
That I might see this day ?
Go, bring my Jaya to me !

Kas'i Raja : And what is this farce,
Lord of the Mountain Land ?
This indignity heaped
On a royal guest invited to your house ?
Long as the Ganges
Is Kas'i Raja's arm of strength.
If you give not the royal maiden in
marriage,
And insult me, verily I vow
Your throne and land I'll take
And send you to travel in the forest
groves !
Where's the Princess ?

Jayanta : Long is your arm of strength, O king
But our heavenly forts are made of
adamant.
The children of the Mountain Land, O
Prince
Know nought of fear.

(To the Queen.)

Mother, my life
Is yours, so carefully gardened by you.
Command and I will do.

Queen : Go, bring my Jaya to me
From wherever she is—
Show not thy face unless thou bringest
Jaya.

Giriraja : Go, wherever Jaya be.
Stay not in the Mountain Land ;
Search space, the Earth
And nether lands for her !

Jayanta : I go, O royal mother,
I go, O Lord of my land,
My soul is yours to command.
Shall search all quarters dark
And find out Jaya.
Shall light the beacon fire of search
After that ever-eluding maid
In all the forests of the Earth.
I go.

(Jayanta departs)

Kas'i Raja Lord of the Mountain Land,
Take off your crown !

Queen : Holy Prince ! holy Prince !

Kas'i Raja · Noble Queen,
I have not set at nought so far
A fair dame's command.
Not to-day, a month hence
I'll either have from yonder Prince
The royal throne or the royal maid.

Queen : So may it be !
A month may pass
And take whatever you please.
We also shall in the mean-while be
Residents of your holy groves
Seeking merit after our royal child.

Kas'i Raja ! Listen, O Gods of the sky !
Listen, O Manes of the royal House !
The kingly vow of Kas'i Raja.
She may remain a virgin chaste for e'er
But the royal maid of the mountain House
I will not let another have for wife.

APPENDIX TO ACT I.

The words *Brahma*, *Deva* and *Yoga* used by the poet require special explanation as they have been sometimes rendered into English and sometimes used in their original form.

Brahma means the Supreme Being—formless, attributeless, birthless, deathless, limitless. The Vedanta assigns three attributes to It-Existence, Knowledge and Bliss, or in Vedantin parlance *Sat*, *Chit* and *Ananda*.

Deva : originally meant a shining, a resplendent being. The word is used for beneficent supernatural beings higher in the scale of evolution than man and lower than the higher manifestations of the Primordial Spirit. The concept of *Devas* differs from that of the Semitic concept of angels in that the latter are directly in attendance on God who sits on his throne in Heaven. The *Devas* rendered in this work by the word *Gods* for lack of a better word have no special relation to the supreme Godhead. Their abode is "Svarga" translated in this work by the word "Heaven" or "Paradise" but their king bears the title of "Indra." God the Supreme Being does not dwell in "Paradise" according to Hindu ideas. "Indra" is changed at the end of every cycle of Hindu chronology, but the "Gods" and "S'achi"—the Queen of Gods are constant.

"*Yoga*" is used all throughout the work to express that stage of mind where nature and her secrets have already been mastered and the unity of matter

and spirit has been fully realised. A Yogi is one who has reached that stage. The word has been variously rendered in the text of the work by "subtler sight" "subtler vision" "Being in tune with the Infinite" etc. or has been kept intact—

Nanalal has a rare manner of using all these three words as adjectives. He talks of "Yoga caves," "Deva summits" and Brahma mother." I have found great difficulty in translating these phrases and have frequently refrained from rendering them into English. After the explanation given above I have no doubt that the meaning of such phrases will be quite clear.

Brahma Mother is the Mother who leads her child to the realisation of the Supreme, Enlightened, Blissful Existence.

ACT II

SCENE I.

FESTIVAL IN THE TEMPLE OF SENSE-WORSHIPPERS.

(The Queen of the votaries of Sensuousness is seated on a throne. Behind her is a bevy of beautiful women. One by one the votaries approach her.)

The Queen : Welcome here,
Great learned in the Lores,
The highest glory of thy learning lies
In showing that untruth is true,

The Scripturalist :
Truth is ever true—
Does that require proof ?
The books aim not
At proving Truth is true—
Tritely tautologous that would be.
In false and strange distortions we delight.
And there our learning
Finds its goal achieved.
(He bows down to the Queen and joins
the crowd)

The Queen : Come, O Poet Laureate,
With what poetic numbers
Dost thou greet this festive day ?

The Poet : Emotions' welter blossoms forth
And finds its crowning height
In lovers' courtship and dalliance.
Eros is the soul of their love

And therefore Poesy's soul itself.
A lover great can 'lone be poet great
(Bowing, joins the crowd.)

The Queen : Come, O King,
The way's fatigue
may have stiffened your limbs.

The Prince : Fatigue the race of Princes knoweth not !
And that while wending
The way to a beloved's arms ?
'Tis ours to seek the fairy nymphs
The wide world o'er !
(Bows down and mixes amongst the
votaries.)

The Queen : Thy feet I touch, O holy Monk !
The High Priest will be here soon !

The Monk : This the great and happy day
When we our master-saints
Do call to mind and homage pay,
To-day the nymphs of Godland will
Descend on Earth's fair dancing-lawn.
The vision of their charm attracts me
here—
Though many a sermon is left unspoke
By these my saintly lips,

(The High-Priest of the Church
comes with his votaries, The con-
gregation of sense-worshippers bow
down, His Sinfulness takes his seat
by the Queen—the High Priestess
on the throne).

The High Priest :
Priestess great !
Dost wish my votaries may sing ?

The Priestess : Sing, O votaries, sing
The song of the Festive Youth,
For youth is the day of life,
And Cupid is the sun
That shines on the sky of the day.

(The Priestess leads the song and others follow)

SONG.

Cupid in each home holdeth sway ;
Oh ! Sing Imperial songs to Him ;
Oh ! Sing Imperial songs to Him ;
Beloved mine.
Beauty dwells in every human home ;
He hath his throne in Beauty's eyes,
Sing Imperial songs to Cupid,
Sing Imperial songs to Cupid,
Beloved mine !
Flowers dwell in every garden ;
Fro' each one fly his piercing darts ;
Sing Imperial songs to Cupid,
Sing Imperial songs to Cupid,
Beloved mine !

The High Priest : (Recites the prayer to Cupid from the Vedas.)

“ Who gave ?
For whom was she given ?
Cupid gave.
For Cupid was she given !
Cupid is her giver ;
Cupid her receiver ;
O Cupid, it is all for thee.”
The Veda hath chanted
To Cupid this hymn ;
Hence he who Cupid hates
Hates Vedas too.
My saints ! This the festive day—

Month's last when the sky is dark
 And no moon shineth there
 When we worship our Master Sinner,
 Since we hailed Priestess
 Princess seated yon,
 Has shone forth with some rare light
 The charm of all these daughters of
 Venus's race,
 Flesh is real, flesh is earnest
 Show us the soul, ye who saw her !
 The roadway trod by great men is ours—
 The noble Charvaka went this way—
 Let this be our Imperial highway great.

The Priestess : Pleasure is salvation—
 And he who storms
 The fortress of the heart,
 Our highest God,
 Sense-pleasing is our faith.
 High Priestess of the Church you made
 me,
 My highest duty is
 To find one Priestess for my votary each.
 See my flower-plants of beauty's garden.
 —Like soft velvet beds
 These daughters of Circe's race.
 " Great is to-day "
 —our foremost article of faith.
 Take each one queen of youth
 And jointly celebrate
 The greatness of to-day.

Votaries : Hail, Faith of Sense-indulgence, Hail.

(Each proceeds to find his mate. Princess
 Jaya who has lost her way comes
 to the door of the temple.

SONG.

Princess Jaya :

Show me the way to my God,
O show me, O show me,
Show ye the way to the Lost
O show me, O show me.

O show me—O show me !
'Twas full day light
And twilight fell on it !
And twilight faded too
And woods of murky midnight grew,
A world of clouds
Overshadowed the sky ;
Life's lights were drowned
Enshrouded there—O light them round,
O light them,
Some one light them round
O show ye the way to the lost !
O show ye the way to my God !
O show me, O show me.

Murky dark is the night to-day,
I have lost my way in the woods,
Not knowing the highroad to the holy
place.
If the Earth belongs to God,
Why do pilgrims lose their way ?
I left behind the lordly mounts
Like God's own homes
And wander in the forests dark of beasts.
Light shine in the garden there,
Turning mid-night into day—
Let me go and ask—
Some one may show
The way to the holy land.

(Enters the temple. Starts on finding
a crowd of Sense worshippers.)

My God! who are these?
Sins stalking in human shape?
(Thinks).
The whirling dance of Krishna?
(To the votaries.)
Brothers? will you show the way to the
lost?

The High Priest :

We make it our mission of life.
The whole world is lost
And we show all
The trunkroad that to pleasure leads.

The Priestess : Welcome to our temple here?
In the midst of my bevy of stars
You rise like the moon.

Jaya : Who? Maid? High Priestess here?

Priestess : Aye, High Priestess, Princess Jaya.
(Jaya sees everything).

Jaya : Alas! Sense-worshippers these
Gathered in one forest great
Are all aflame
Sunk in the gloomy depths
Of woodlands dark.
In what hands have I fallen here?

Priestess : In no strange hands,
But those of hers
Whom you sent down with scorn.
Come to the land of my faith!
Your robes of chastity doff.

Jaya : Didst forget, O maid,
The Godly children of the mountain lands!
Dost know sin from virtue?

Dost recognise
What's chaste and what is not ?
Hast heard
Of womanly virtues
Or of the ways of the pure ?

Votaries : What, ho ! Priestess or Maid ?
 Princess or a public girl ?

The High Priest : (To the crowd).
Go to the festive bower
And on the altar Cupid's image place.
Put on your ornaments of love—
We follow with our Priestess High !

(The couples of votaries file out sporting
with each other.)

Priestess : Virtue ? Chastity ? Ways of the Pure ?
Breathes there a man on the earth
who hath not played in his heart
With sin and immoral thought ?
If ye have seen, show me—
Has ever mother borne a son
Who through all time
Has been all pure and good—
The petal of the lily of his soul
Has not once quaked
With the breath of an unholy wind ?
Womanly virtue is a piece of raiment fine,
But beneath is flesh—
Its master Satan sure !
O Princess Jaya !
Come within our palace of sensuous joy !
Abandon yourself
To the caresses of Cupid's gods !
As many nights are there,
So many votaries of Eros I have.

Jaya .

You cannot exhale
What did not find its way within.
In the roaring fire of passion's rage
Where may you find e'en a flake of snow ?

The High Priest :

Princess, Life feeds on life
And passion's rage is Nature's law.
One water's drop ye sip—
Do you know how many tiny lives ye kill ?
One breath of air you but inhale,
Will you count how many airy filmy
beings perish ?
Say where—in what holy book
Ye find an order not to eat,
a way to expiate if once you eat
The flesh of living creatures ?
Passion is no sin,
Come into our fold—
Our hermitage is of pleasure ;
Not of self-denial.

Jaya :

(to herself).
Yes 'tis he
The self-same saint of the Mountain Land
whom the maid of my dancing hall
Th' other day tempted to break his vows.
(Aloud).
What do the drunkards not rave about ?
'Tis futile to talk to you—
E'en the tongue feels 'twere committing
sin.

Priestess :

Drunkards, O Princess Jaya ?
Drink and the Vedic Soma
Are two offsprings of one parent stock.
No sacrifice is made
At least if either of them is not.
Drink either of them

And occult visions there unfold.
Learn, O royal maid,
Wine, sparkling wine
Makes sweet our sacrifice
On Cupid's lovely altar.
Come, drink and immortal be !

Jaya : Maid, come out
Of the dark chasms of sin
And bathe in the light
Of a higher, holier world.
Desire leave behind
And learn what Love may be.
Enjoy the pleasures of a married life
And seek salvation in a wife's estate.

Priestess : In what world did you see, my Princess
Love bereft of this Desire ?
We are married too, like you !
You wed from life to life !
We wed from day to day !
I've left behind, crossed over, jumped
across
The limits of the shallow pool of a wife's
estate.

I rock now on the billows of freedom's seas.
I am wife unto all
And all are husbands unto me !
Beauty and Youth our gardens green !
Live ye in immortal abandon
And learn to 'joy
The freedom of a nymphly life on earth.

(Enter Death-faced hunter,)

The Hunter:: All woodland did I search a-far
But could not find my gazelle sweet,
As it were, a heavenly nymph come down

JAYA AND JAYANTA

To sport 'midst the fairy creepers of the
wild.

Oh! what overwhelming beauty?
The moon seemed walking on th' earth.
The lights must have led her here.
Let me go within and search the temple.

(Enters the temple—seeing Jaya.)

Aye, 'tis she—'tis she,
The brightly burning flame of youth!
You—merry Priest, be warned,
You shall not stand in the hunter's path.
Death forged my dart
With His own hands.

The High Priest :

Observe we fortnight's orgies of Love
And each day waxing shines
A brighter phase of the Moon of joy,
Flooding the heavens of our life with light.
We shall sport in the festive orgies of the
day—

(starts to touch Jaya.)

The Priestess : Our exhilarating wine

Yet the Princess hath not sipped.
Give her two swallowfuls
That the shyness of her soul may drop,
Veils be flung aside,
And the portals of the heart may open
wide,

(Exit to fetch wine.)

The High Priest :

Princess, none else is here.
Wilt give the gift of Love?
Wilt refuse with all your treasures full?
Come, Let us make most of Youth.

Jaya : God is where none may be.
No sin the children of the Mountain Land
do know,
Beware
Lest from the unseen might a thunderbolt
fall,
And crush thy heart
So full of deadly gall
(the High Priest tries to insult her. An
arrow comes from afar and pierces
his heart. The High Priestess enters
with wine. The hunter reveals
himself.)

The High Priest :
So 'tis come, 'tis come,
The arrow of Death,
I am killed, O Princess,
But the cult of senses will not die.
Until ye kill the Satan of within
This evil creed will live to end of time.
In divers forms will it be born
All over your worlds of the future age.
(*Expires.*)

The Hunter : Fair damsel ! come into my cave ;
Miles and miles of forest lie before us—
In the forest's heart I dwell
Like the lion of the wilds.
And in its heart too shall we both reside,
The lion and the lioness of the wood.

Jaya : From the scorching spark to the burning
flames—
How long shall I fly—
How far shall I run ?
On the hills I jumped from top to top
But can I penetrate
The thickets of the wood ?

The Hunter : No lioness has yet pierced
 The fortress of the thickets of my bush.
 (Jaya flies, the Hunter pursuing her
 behind).

The Priestess : —That's well !
 From illness, she has passed to death.
 Talked too much wisdom of the Gods—
 Now save thyself
 From the clutches of that wolf—
 He will make thee handmaid of a Queen.
 While here, of myself I have made
 High Queen of a dancing maid—
 Now whom shall I give this sparkling
 wine ?
 The High Priest is dead.
 But if one sets, another does arise.
 The High Priest dies
 But never die our festive days.
 The one who sits on the throne may die—
 The throne lives on for e'er,
 To-day we celebrate
 The day of our Master's enlightenment—
 Let us roast the High Priest's corpse
 And feast ourselves.
 Come, holiday-mongers, come,
 Begin the day of the dead dark night of
 our Master High.

SONG.

Votaries : Cupid in each home holdeth sway,
 Oh ! sing Imperial songs to Him.

SCENE 2

THE FOREST GROVES OF BENARES

Jayanta : She is not—
Not on the summits high,
Not in icefields wide,
Not in caves and not in bush—
Nowhere, nowhere—
Neither in holy land
Nor in hermitages cool !
You and I, O Jaya,
But missed each other by half-an-hour's
time
When we forsook for ever
Our charming Mountain Land.
I traced thy steps on the mounts.
Thy track I followed on the banks of the
stream ;
I searched, I asked, I roamed
From wild to wild like the birds.
But like the lightning flash
Thou wert too quick
For all the racing winds.
For four times five of miles
I followed, Jaya, thy lotus steps
Along the Ganges' banks—
Aye those steps which lay
Like scattered lily-petals on the dust !
But, Jaya, the watery maze intervened.
I lost the print of thy feet.
The bush-lands of the world—however,
I will ransack, leaf to leaf
And waken with my halloo after thee.

Echo and re-echoes will I send
 Into space and within earth's womb
 To waken thee from thy oblivious sleep
 To the child of the Mountain Land
 Like unto the all-pervading God
 Creation means
 But a lifting and a dropping step.

(From Space comes the voice of
 Devarshi.)

The Mystic Voice :

What thou didst lose in the world,
 Thou wilt find in the Holy Land,
 (Jayanta, startled, looks around.)

Jayanta :

Did the Quarters speak ?
 Did Space send its voice ?
 Whence—Oh whose these words ?
 Oh, Hidden Soul !
 I have searched of this holy land
 The wilds and the bush land,
 Temples and monasteries deep !
 Not in the Temple of Kas'i and Creation's
 Lord,
 Not on the Manikarnika bathing ghaut
 Have I found her.
 Of the scorched of the world
 The solace is Kas'i,
 The Life-giver of these that have died to
 the world,
 But I found not—
 No, I found not in this holy town
 What I did lose in the world abroad.

The Mystic Voice :

The end of the sky and the earth is that
 Where thou dost stand, Jayanta,

What on this earth thou didst not find
The sky will give unto thee !

Jayanta : The skies will open and will give ?
Earth's wombs are emptied of her gems ?
Because the chaste maid leapt into Space
Did the mortal world lose all its light ?
Oh demigod ! Heavenly speaker ho !
Oh mystic singer !
Ethereal being, ho !
In the name of God, do show yourself
And say, where is my Jaya ?

(Devarshi reveals himself—Jayanta
feels abashed and falls at his feet !)

Devarshi :: Jayanta
What madness of the world is this ?

Jayanta : My Master High !
The soul is drained of its nectarine joy !
The flower of spirit has lost its sweet
perfume !
The seeing masters had my soul fair tinged
With tints of spirit light—
Alas these roseate tints have flown !

Devarshi : The noon-day sun
Doth pale in the evening sky, Jayanta,
And is pulled down at night—
Does its light's effulgence
Not shine ever again ?
The swoon-succeeding glimpse of spirit
light
Is but a further soar, afar, ahigh !

Jayanta : Command, Oh Master, command thy son !
Lead, lead me out of this—

JAYA AND JAYANTA

My reason stands all dazed in this maze
 of thoughts
 My soul is sure imprisoned
 In the tangled thorns of gloom !

Devarshi : Child, stop where standest thou,
 And light the flames of thy soul—
 Harikunja name this grove,
 Incessant thought thou concentrate
 On her whom thou dost seek.
 Wilt lose thyself if wanderest thou.
 Take this robe
 Of initiation into the search supreme.
 The dawn and rise
 Of light within
 And all pervading
 Is the way have gone
 All enlightened ones.

(Disappears—Jayanta stands contemplating the vision.)

Jayanta : Light, light from the Master have I
 got.
 The soul-asphyxiating smoke has passed
 —The flame burns white
 —The holy light doth shine—
 Here shall I fix
 My flash-light of search after her.
 Here do I build
 The altar of this sacrificial fire
 —Unceasing do I start
 My tending of its holy flames.
 Be that my sacrifice.
 No more roaming in the woods of life
 “ Wilt lose thyself if wanderest thou,”
 Here do I fix the end of my earth,
 This is my grove of the God
 —My Harikunja.
 Jaya, I fix my soul on thy love

And repeat thy name
On bead after bead of my rosary.
Go, O perfumes of the floral wreath,
O holy lights that bathe Creator's work,
Go where Jaya is
And give her invitation.
To call and deeply drink
At the fount of the mystic and the deep,
In honour of the festive birth
Of this my hermitage.
Aye, meseems
Material all hath changed
To subtler, more ethereal form—
Meseems, hath flashed
A flood of one all-over-powering light
And Jaya, seems to me,
Withdraws herself from th' earth
Entering into my soul—
Jaya—Jaya—Jaya.

•

SCENE 3

MORNING IN SE'VATI'S GARDEN.

(The note of the flute from the depth
of the garden. Afterwards enter
Se'vati singing).

SONG.

S'evati :

Love's drink obtain and empty it drain,
The beloved's goblet is full to the brim.
Her face is lit up with a golden light,
Her eyes are lit up with the flame of love,
Her soul is surging with the flood of bliss—
The beloved's goblet is full to the brim !

(Enter Kas'i Raja behind.)

Her heart is full with but one hope !
A dance ecstatic in her lover's arms.
It will never be quenched—her thirst for
his love.

The beloved's goblet is full to the brim,
Love's drink 'desire and empty it drain.

(Kas'i Raja places both his hands on
S'evati's eyes from behind and presses
them.)

Oh ! those nectar rays of fingers sweet !
The moon-light pouring in fountain-spray
The closed eye will also know.

(S'evati rests her head on the chest of
Kas'i Raja.)

Kas'i Raja :

On the tablet of the soul
Are writ those lovely letters.
Where did you learn, O queen of beauty,
Tracing such marvellous lines ?

S'evati : Rocking me on the swing
The other day oped ye, Oh my king
with one shaft of your eye
The world of love,
That hidden had lain so long—
And taught me the Bible of Love's creed—
Forget you—Prince !

Kas'i Raja : Oh ! Sakuntala of my life,
Did you teach me those lessons sweet or I ?
Of my mind I think you robbed me then

S'evati : I gave my heart and had yours, Prince.
No final bliss without first sacrifice.
What's the news of the Mountain Land?

Kas'i Raja : Those mount-domains are the crown of
 lands—
I've brought that crown with me
For you—Oh Queen of my heart.
Sent the King and the Queen
Of the Mountain Land
To lead the life of hermits good ;
Their throne is vacant—
Awaits your stepping in,
My idol of the heart,

S'evati : Prince, where will you fix
The seat of our Kingdom ?
Yon in the mountain-town
Or here in holy Kas'i ?

Kas'i Raja : Wherever you wish, my light of the world.

S'evati : The crown sits on the head ;
The crest however mounts on the top of
 the crown !

- Kas'i Raja :* But love enthronèd
Sits in the holy land of the heart !
Benares mine, my love
Is the heart of the Aryan race.
- S'evati :* As you wish, my King !
Let us hie
To Palace Royal of your holy town.
- Kas'i Raja :* Not to-day—
On the Immortal Third !
That day will see the portals open wide
Of treasure lands of happiness immortal
ours.
- In the ever-auspicious hour
Of that bright holy day
On the earth will inter-weave
The flame of spirit-light itself
With the shining light of heroic sacrifice
And there will be born of them
The days of greatness
For Ind—the land of the Aryan race
Your Brahma beauty—
- S'evati :* And your Kshatra heroism—
- Kas'i Raja :* Oh Queen-elect of Love,
With floods of light
Will gild the world
Both these united in one !
- S'evati :* And the denizens of this mortal world
Will enter then
On an era new of lustre and light.
- Kas'i Raja :* Oh daughter of the race of Love,
Tune your flute,
The messenger of fortune high.

Silent are the wilds of the world
Without its trilling note.

S'evati : I have learnt, my Lord,
To make its note
Of strange entrancing sweet-ness!
But 'lone, but me alone?
If on a mango-twigg
Are perched two cuckoos,
Both will forthwith trill
Their notes in one concord—
In symphony tune the cuckoo of your
voice, My Prince—

Kas'i Raja : Here, the voice of my soul!
(Absorbed both play together on their
flutes for a while.)

S'evati : As beams of light emerge
From two separate eyes,
As their flood conflows
And makes the soul one-visioned,
—So did our flutes become
But one and sing symphonious notes.

Kas'i Raja : Now thunder forth
Your Brahma clarion-call,
My Queen!

S'evati : No—I do not know it yet;
When I first purify myself in Kas'i,
Then shall I learn it from some hermit-nun.
For to-day I will give
Loud vent to the thrilling notes of love

Kas'i Raja : The vows of love—

S'evati : Till the Immortal Third doth lapse—
Of them a full observance have I to make—

But, Prince, do see
No further weary waiting you ordain.
The flowers wither, my King!
The spring has set, has bloomed,
—Will also fade.
All over the forest cuckoos coo,—
Will hear their mystic note.
Blooming with new sprouts of life!
The grove is deep aflame—
Will hear—far within its heart
low and hushed—
Like the music of the streamlet's flow?
Sweet tinkling cooes
Th' note O' the flute O' the soul.

Kas'i Raja : 'Tis not the morn of destiny yet,
My crown O' the world!
Dawn wafted on the breeze of bliss
Has not yet stepped
On the sky-raised domes of my great
domain.

S'evati : I am your dawn, my King.

Kas'i Raja : You are my flute!

S'evati : And you my sighing swain
trilling its notes.
King! Prince of my Love!
O charming king of love's domains!
Come, then our flutes
Let's give and take!
On your lips me—
On my lips you—
Be seated, and now sing.

Kas'i Raja : As we our love did give and take
So may you take the flute of my soul

JAYA AND JAYANTA

So may I have the flute of your soul.
And now—

SONG.

S'evati :

Sweet mate,
The harps of heart
Give me, take thou,
Sweet mate !
Charmer of the world art thou,
The crown of beauty and love am I,
—Rocking on the ocean of our surging
 hearts.
Sweet mate !
The harps of heart
Give me, take thou.
Sweet mate !
Artist of the dancing sphere art thou
And beauty's very form and soul am I
Let us swell in a soaring,
All-pervading tide.
Sweet mate !
The harps of heart
Give me, take thou
Sweet mate !

•

SCENE 4.

THE HUNTER'S BUSH-GROVE IN THE DEPTH OF THE
FOREST.

(Hut beneath a tamarind tree. A wounded gazelle lies near the door-way of the hut. In the shade and amidst the creepers climbing along the tree near by is seen sitting Princess Jaya absorbed in thought and looking up into the sky.)

SONG.

Jaya: Oh! Lightening shaft,
Just wait a while—
If thou waitest, I may ask
A question rankling in my heart!
Oh! Tell me why
God gave the day this light—
And made poor night all dark—
Oh Lightening shaft!
Oh Lightening shaft!—
* * * * *
The shaft did flash and vanish
—Even that companion has gone!
Leaving me dark and 'lone!

(A cuckoo cooes above).

Coo, Oh Cuckoo, Coo,
Sing thy tune O' life
And solve my mystery.

JAYA AND JAYANTA

SONG.

Cuckoo sweet !
 Come to my lap !
 If thou doest, I may start
 A tale of beauty and love ;
 O tell me why
 When both did come
 I did not look at them—
 And when they parted
 Why does my heart burn, burn—
 Cuckoo sweet !

* * * *

My body is weary ;
 My soul is tired.
 Never did eyes behold
 Nor fancy see in dream
 Such forests dark or men.
 To this man,
 Even devils are Gods ;
 His act from act I witness
 Sawing in crushèd budlings
 All my soul—
 Caught hold he of the peacock's neck
 And pulled out feathers
 To make a crown of them.
 The cuckoo cooes
 And down he brings—

(Enter the Hunter returning from the
 forest with a bundle of fuel sticks
 on his head.)

The blackness of his body
 Is only equalled by the darkness of his soul.
 How do his eyes dilate and roll ?
 As if will fling the world
 Awhirling into space.

(Throwing down the bundle of fuel-sticks at the back of the hut, the Hunter approaches Jaya).

The Hunter : Princess !
Now be the she-wolf of my wilds !

Jaya : (Frightened)
She—wolf !

The Hunter : Aye, she-wolf of my wilds !
I am the wolf of this bush !
Come, let us hunt to-gether
I have brought these fuel-sticks for thee
And yet wilt not be pleased !

(Jaya remains silent)

Alas ! Alas ! I missed the fact
That Princesses chose by heroic feats.
Didst see my valour great ?
I caught this gazelle
Running over the wilds
And knifed her there !
And Princess ! thou art true
—God made thee for it—
For being the Queen of this jungle dark.
The gazelle ran like water down its course,
But thou dost run like racing winds !
Be thou empress over my bush ;
The crown of peacocks' feather on thy
head,
And palaces of mountains reaching to the
skies !

Jaya . Palaces pleased me no longer,
But now the illusion of the woods
Has vanished from my eyes.
Hunter, art thou man or brute ?

Hunter

I am the Lord of brutes.
 Not one exists but passes
 Through the bush
 With the spark of life still living
 Look ! There's that thrush
 Singing away in the leafy dome
 Of yonder tamarind.
 Choose me for thy groom—
 The thrush comes down
 And with it the bough.

(Slings his stone, The thrush and the
 broken twig come down.)

I have won the race, O Princess !
 And I have won thee too !

(Picks up the dead thrush and the
 broken branch).

I will eat it raw—
 The tamarind leaves for picks !
 The taste of warm blood
 Princess, is a rare treat !
 When you become the she-wolf of the wilds
 Rivers of warm blood wilt thou get for
 drink.

Jaya :

O God ! there are—
 There are in this world of thine,
 Hunters more bloodthirsty than wolves !

The Hunter :

What's it utterest—
 Something like those Brahmans do ?
 My sling is swinging high,
 My bow is stretched.
 And miles and miles of woods lie here,
 Princess, this day's the last.
 Give in, or I'll force thee !
 To pick the flowers of the wood I go,
 Thou weave a bedsheet of those flowers.
 (Goes to pluck flowers.)

Jaya : Invitations to drink of blood
 Oh Jaya, were writ
 In the scroll of thy Fate !
 (From the adjacent cave comes Tejaba
 with a steel bow and arrows in her hand.)

SONG

Tejaba : High are the heavens, my sister,
 Clothed in the filmy scarf of clouds
 Star—bespangled,
 Star—bespangled,
 High are the heavens, my sister.

Broadcast o'er the wilds are creepers,
Green, luxuriant, full of grace
Flow'r—bespangled,
Flow'r—bespangled,
High are the heavens, my sister.

Jaya : Hail, the Goddess of the wilds.

Tejaba : Princess,
 Fare thou well !—
 But distress-laden
 Like unto yourself

Jaya : They are holy Goddesses of the world
 Who walk across
 The scorching fires of distress.
 Your tale—

Tejaba : My tale of woes—'tis short.
 My guilt—the gift of Fate,
 For long years am I in the cave,
 Caged of the hunter.
 I don't let the hunter in the cave,
 The hunter does not let me out,
 My beauty is my crime.

Jaya : The chase of beauty
Seems on the wax in the world.

Tejaba : The iron age is yet far-off.
When the darkness of that age
Descends on the court of the earth
The moons of beauty's faces
And the lightening streaks of beauty's
eyes.
Will be merchandise or loot
In cities full of men.

Jaya : One may sell flesh or may loot—
But ever souls are sold ?
Who hath beauty ?—
Gross flesh or ethereal soul ?

Tejaba : There is a beauty of the soul
As there is a beauty of the flesh.
Like the flowers of a garden
The form, the tints,
The swelling springs of an exuberant soul
In all their glory
Make up what is beauty
In all men and women !
As flowers have perfume
Your soul shines in your beauty.

(The Hunter is seen in the distance with
wild flowers.)

Princess, come into my cave,
Look there, the Hunter from the wood
Returns.

(Jaya thinks awhile.)

Jaya : Will you lend me bow and arrow yours ?

Tejaba : The hunter's life will you take ?

Jaya : Nay, will cut his wings of sin
And send him to the land of onefooted men !
(Tejaba gives her the bow and the
arrow. Jaya takes aim.)

Jaya : An arm and a leg—
(Shoots the Hunter with a crescent-
dart. His right arm and leg fall off
severed.)

The Hunter : Oh, the wolf is wounded
By the she-wolf's dart.

Jaya : Released, my sister,
But where to go !

Tejaba : From the woods to the world—
And there to the Lord of the world !
There is only one way,
Let us don the ochre robes !

Jaya : Ochre robes ! ochre robes !
Nunhood ! Renunciation !
For the moment or for ever—
Of the spirit or of the flesh ;
—The last solace in distress
—The saving of the world,
These always are.

Tejaba : Let's go to the fair of the Immortal Third.
Shall seek a saintly—Master,
Will join his flock of the pure and the free
And visit the holy place after place
Of noble Aryavarta.
In Kas'i
Austerities of saintliness rare
An anchorite has entered on
—And Indra's throne

JAYA AND JAYANTA

Is not so stable as it was—
We both shall warm our souls
In the life-giving flames
Of his saintly vows,
Safe—ensconced
In the protecting shades of his hermitage
(Both set out. From behind the Hunter
tries to get up, picks up a stone and
throws it at them.)

Jaya : Seeks blessing by stoning us.
(To the Hunter)
God do good to thee !

Tejaba : (To the Hunter)
When thou shalt repent,
Both thy wings shall come to thee again
But wilt a cripple be
When spurrest along the path of sin.
(Exit both)

SCENE 5

THE GROVE OF AUSTERITIES.

(Anchorite Jayanta is sitting in the centre with four ash-heaps in four quarters)

Jayanta : Austerities stern and burning
Have I passed through
And still they seem not full.
I have not had incessant sight
Of Thine all holy light, O Lord !
Like Lightening streaks
Sparks flash in inner space,
But the mighty sun
Of the Supreme Flame
Has not been seen in ever shining glory.
To that extent is incomplete
My soul's communion with Supreme Soul.
There are flooding tides of realization,
But they fade away.
Lead, lead me, Supreme Light
Out of this labyrinth of gloom.

The Voice from Heavens :
Give up
The last tie cherished by thy soul.

Jayanta : The Supreme Word has thundered ;
Depths of space have spoke ;
I give up—I give up that,
Most cherished tie,
The very last that my soul had,

JAYA AND JAYANTA

The jewel of my last desire
 Stored away
 In the deepest corner of my heart.
 My Queen of Love—
 She may come or may not—
 The Supreme Light—
 It may shine or may not—
 To the world the smallest good
 My hand or yet another's
 May do or may not—
 May all my wishes for even good be gone !
 The love for clean and holy hopes may
 set !

The fascination for a final bliss
 May ebb as once it swelled in tide—
 Let me fling myself, body, mind and soul
 On the mercy of the Supreme It.
 All created things
 Are but Creation's goal
 In the end to realise
 In any manner, Lord.
 That this Thy goal fulfil,
 Do use, do mount on Thy Wheel
 My life !
 In Thy garden, Holy Lord,
 To sow chaste deeds and thoughts,
 Wherever thou mak'st me rise,
 To shower storms of Light;
 Where like a flow'r mak'st me bloom
 To breathe Thine fragrance pure,
 —Be that my only saving,
 That my freedom from all life !
 Victorious be
 That supreme glorious Light !

(The four ash heaps become four pillars
 of light. A bow and arrows of light
 descend from on high and enter into
 the heart of Jayanta. Round his face
 an aura of light bursts out.)

Jayanta : This is thy Intellect's Birth ;
The Adepthood of Buddha's Order comes
to thee,
The light of supreme It takes birth
In thine individual soul !
Conquer the world
And make it conquer too !
The universe itself
Is now too small for thee !

The voice from the sky :

The arrow conquers not
Without the stringed bow !
Crippled is the bird
Which tries to soar
With but one single wing.

Jayanta : One single wing ! a cripple !
(Sinks in thought)
Like an arrow
With no string—no bow !
(After a while).
Aye, I understood these mystic words.

Jaya, thou my second wing
Now come, reveal thyself.
Even the sun alone is incomplete,
And paired with the moon
He lights the day and forms the night.
“ On Jayanta's head will Jaya place
Earth's glory's Crown.”
So me he blest—the Divine Sage.
O leaves of this holy grove !
Change into tongues
Of your uncounted numbers,
And give vocal shape
To Jaya's holy name !
Invoke her

JAYA AND JAYANTA

From Creation's deepest depths
In order to fulfil
The will of the Lord !
Of His supreme Pleasure
And of His supreme Light
To me alone the image Jaya is !
Victorious be His supreme Flame !
The holy steps of Jaya's love
Will in their wake bring on
Ennobling morns
Of Earth's high-soaring flight.

SCENE 6

THE ROAD LEADING TO THE FAIR OF THE IMMORTAL
THIRD—THE THIRD DAY OF THE BRIGHT HALF OF THE
MONTH OF VAISHAKHA.

Hermits :

CHORIC SONG.

Oh children of the Earth,
Yearn for the supreme wealth of the Lord.
Silver is wealth, and wealth is gold
My saints ! so are gems and pearls ;
So are gems and pearls.
Power is wealth and youth is wealth
But all is doomed to pass away.
Eternal is the supreme Ray
Yearn for the supreme wealth of the Lord !
Not the sun, not e'en the moon
My saints, not dazzling light'ning shafts,
Not dazzling light'ning shafts,
Beyond all Books, beyond all thought
Lie Infinite stores of Light
Yearn for that supreme Light of the Lord !
Farther than our farthest reach,
My saints, nearer than our nearest breath,
Nearer than our nearest breath
Rising, shining, setting, lie
Treasures of Light inexhaustible,
Yearn for the supreme Light of the Lord !

One of the hermits :

Commanded the Divine Sage
" Descend the Mounts of Snow,
And have a glimpse
Of Kasis' holy Hari Kunja."

Of matter and of spirit He
To us the great truth thus explained,
“ Not the ebb or tide of flesh
Can ever measure, pupils mine
The spirit's grossness
Or its texture fine and pure.
Man's miles on pilgrimage
To supreme Freedom's sacred shrine
Are measured in terms
Of soul's on-marching steps
Or faltering, falling back.”
To-morrow dawns the Immortal Third.
Shall bathe in the Ganges' holy stream
And start on our sacred tour,
To gain a glimpse of th' enlightened sage
Living in the depths of the holy wilds.
Sing, good friends, do sing,
Awakening the earth
To the glories of the supreme flame of light.

Hermits : Yearn for the Supreme Light of the Lord.

SCENE 7

THE MORNING OF THE IMMORTAL THIRD ON THE BANKS
OF THE GANGES.

(Crowds of pilgrims on the banks of the
Ganges and in its stream.)
(Enter Tejaba and Jaya.)

Tejaba :

SONG.

The morning dawns—
aye, slowly, slowly
The morning dawns—
The rosy Queen of Dawn does rule.

The morning dawns—
Like the jewels in the border-frill
In the Saree of the Night
Sink the stars
aye, slowly, slowly,
The morning dawns—
aye, slowly, slowly.
Blossoms forth the Supreme Light—
The roseate tints of Dawn display
The Lord awakens in the world,
The Lord awakens in the soul,
Aye, slowly, slowly,
The morning dawns—
Aye, slowly, slowly,

Jaya :

As one in the waters bathes
So too the soul
Should have a bath in light.

Tejaba : Aye, Jaya, without a bath of the soul
The watery bath—
— leaves much uncleansed.

(go for a dip in the holy waters. Sitting
in the door-way of the Temple of Sin
on a high rock on the bank, the Tirth-
agor, the High Priest of the Temple
of Sin, chants the following verse.)

Tirthagor : Sins committed all the world o'er—
The holy shrine doth wash them off.

(Below in the plain the King of the
Mountain Land and the Queen come
for a dip in the Ganges dressed as
pilgrims.)

The King : Queen, we scoured the forests wide
But neither did we Jaya find,
Nor peace for our troubled souls.

The Queen : My Lord,
To me the finding Peace
Means finding Jaya.
Here flow Creation-old
These holy waters—
They will find us Jaya—!
Let us search.

The King : Jaya in the space around I see ;
I catch a glimpse
—Just catch a glimpse
And then the vision fades.

The Queen : Those who in the holy waters bathe
In their wedded pair
Obtain a sight of those
They cherish in their hearts.

The King : And if we do not,
 Sure the enlighten'd sage
 Like S'ukadeva of yore
 Will show us here
 To heaven departed
 In the depths of the holy stream.

(Proceed to have a bath. Nrityadasi—
 the maid of the Dancing Hall goes to
 the Temple of Sin on the rock after
 having had a dip.)

Nritya Dasi : Now the High Priest's star has set—
 And lovers have flown away
 With my beauty's flight.
 Thus the crowd of votaries of Sense
 Have in the various woods of lascivious
 joy
 Scattered o'er divers lands.
 Such the seedlings of virtue and vice—
 Wherever you scatter them,
 They raise their heads.

Tirthagor : (CHANTS.)
 Sins committed all the world o'er—
 The holy shrine doth wash them off—
 Welcome, queenly pilgrim here,
 Wonderful is your beauty's dazzling light
 Like the full moon
 Pendant on the western sky.

Nritya Dasi : Master, whose temple is this ?
 You seem to be its High Priest.

Tirthagor : This is the Temple of Sin
 On the Ganges' banks—
 And I am the High Priest
 Of this Temple of Sin.
 The pilgrims hither come

And don or doff
 Their gilded robes of sin—
 Hence is this the Temple of Sin.
 Come, see and have a glimpse.
 Put off or on that robe.

(The maid and the priest enter the temple. After a while both come out, the maid setting her clothes and her braid of hair in order.)

Nritya Dasi : (Smiling),
 Master of the holy shrine,
 So then I have enough beauty left
 To charm and tempt the world.
 I thought the day had set.
 If the waters of the sea can e'er increase
 My sins too may.
 But if sin's taint has soiled you the least
 Then, O Priest,
 There flows the Ganges—
 Wash it there !

Tirthagor : We residents of holy lands
 Are tainted or sanctified
 Neither with sin nor acts.

(Exit *Nritya Dasi*. Below in the plain
 enter *Jaya* and *Tejaba* purified after
 a bath.)

Jaya : SONG.

I am a nun—
 A nun to the shrine of the star of my love—
 Leading a life of the vows of Love.
 I am a nun—
 A nun to the shrine of the star of my love.
 Without thee are deserted
 Palaces, groves and wilds, my love !
 The banks of the holy stream

Bereft of romance are, my love !
Dedicated to Him—the Lord of Love
I am a nun—
—A nun to the shrine of the star of my love.
Each of the tree-leaves, love
Traced with Nature's pen thy name does
bear.
In every line, my love
I find writ words of my Fate
In thy service—love,
Lord of a loving heart,
I am a nun—
—A nun to the shrine of the star of my love.

Tejaba : Princess, A dip in the Ganges stream,
Is like a bath
In the holy resplendence of chastity.
Even the soul slinks off
All her tainted gloom—
And after whom thou did'st a nun become,
Wilt say—who that is ?

Jaya : My holy friend,
One there was,
Before that lordly sun of the Mountain
Land
The heavenly orb
Rising on the summits of the snowy range
Paled down.
He was—he was an enlightened one
Like one detached from the world
Though of it.
I seek that prince of saints
Who is in my heart
All over the world.

Tejaba : The world belongs to God—
God's men will be found in it.
The hermitage of that enlightened sage

JAYA AND JAYANTA

Is not deserted.
 Let us go to that shrine on high
 'Tis lonely—
 May be 'tis also peaceful.

(Tejaba and Jaya go up the rock.)

Tirthagor : (CHANTS.)

Sins committed all the world o'er—
 The holy shrine doth wash them off.

Tejaba : Victory to the Enlightened Bliss
 That is,
 O Master !

Tirthagor : Enlightened Bliss That Is, O mother.
 Existence, Enlightenment and Bliss—
 Come, forget yourself in Bliss.

(Tejaba looks at Jaya. Both look at the
 Priest. The latter leads and all enter the
 temple. Below in the plain enter
 Kas'i Raja and S'evati.)

S'evati : SONG.

Beloved, 'tis Love's Morn,
 Beloved, 'tis Love's Morn,
 Here bursts the light of ecstatic Love.
 Beloved, the Night is gone.
 Beloved, the Night is gone.
 Suns shine and warm both body and mind.
 Here bursts the light of ecstatic love.
 We waited in the Court of Hope.
 We gazed at our stars in the future's sky
 And lo there bursts the milky way
 Bespangled with the stars of luck—
 Here blooms the light of fortune high—
 Beloved, 'tis Love's Morn.

(Breaking the dome of the Temple of Sin Jaya plunges into the mid-stream of the Ganges. Breaking the doorway of the Temple of Sin like an angry Fury Tejaba drags out Tirthagor by the hair.)

Tejaba : Missed your mark,
O Priest of the Temple of Sin—
You missed your mark to-day !
I fling you for an eternal bath
In the whirling waters of this Styx—deep
stream.
Gifted is that virgin with the boon
That no male body's touch
Will ever pollute her frame this life.
As the touch of the lightening streak does
burn
So does the touch of her virgin frame
Scorch whomsoever touches.

Tirthagor : But—you.

Tejaba : I ?
(Tirthagor's wig comes out on being dragged. His scarf comes off leaving half of his body bare Tejaba looks at him attentively, and recognises him.)

I ?
(Roars like a lioness.)
Knowest me thou, O Rudra ?
(Tirthagor is startled.)
Who is Sarasvati ?
And where is she ?
Look at this peacock
Tattooed on my stomach here
Look at thine, so tattoo'd there !

Tirthagor : Who ? Sister ? Sarasvati ?
 Thou wert parted from me
 For ages long,
 And memory thine
 Was hidden behind the clouds of years.
 Alas ! I looked with evil eye
 On sister mine !

Tejaba : All the women of the world,
 Take as sisters thine,
 O Priest of Sin !
 See thy sister's image in all—
 Thou, monster born in a godly race !
 (Apart from others in the plain of the
 Ganges.)

Kas'i Raja : To-day is the flow'ring moment of my life

S'evati : To-day hath dawned the Immortal Third
 of my life too !
 Lord of Kings, your son
 Does sit and thrill
 Within the body of this—
 Your loved one !

Kas'i Raja : Come, my royal palace
 In Benares there
 Awaits thy entrance
 To queenhood mine.

(Both depart. A cry on the banks of
 the Ganges.)

O Temple—Priest
 Your Brahmana daughter
 A Kshattriya prince
 Has taken and elop'd—

(Tejaba and Tirthagor are surprised.)

Tirthagor : My S'evati! Apple of my eyes!

Tejaba : O Brahmana—monster
Of Ravana's race!
Forget not that all women
Are each a daughter
—the apple of the eyes of a father fond.
If thou dost wish
Thy daughter to be chaste,
Do not pollute
The daughters of other parents.
“ Sins committed all the world o'er—
The holy shrine doth wash them off ”
O symbol of gloom,
Of learning half,
Remember—and learn—
There is a complement to that verse—
“ Sins committed in the shade of a holy
shrine
Shall ever stick and never die.”
I go to find out Jaya,
But shall come, shall stay,
Shall settle on the Ganges banks,
And shall, of Temples of Sin
Make once more
Temples of holy Light, and chaste.

(Exit Tejaba. Tirthagor stands gazing
at the ruins of the Temple of Sin.)

ACT III.

SCENE I

JAYANTA'S HERMITAGE IN HARIKUNJA.

(THE SONG OF CELIBATE DISCIPLES.)

The darkness of the wilds will go,
The light of heavens will rain on us,
Such light of Gods will rain on us—
Good friends.

The darkness of the wilds will go.
As the morning sun
Ascends the skies
And on Creation sends his light
As the moon, the star of night
Bathes the world in nectar light
As the rays of ever-shining stars
Pour on the earth unfailing from afar
So will the beams of the Supreme Orb
Descend and bathe us in Its blissful Light
The worlds will shine with lustre bright,
Good friends—

Men's minds will leave their spirits' night
And beam with rare and pure delight
So will on us descend the supreme Light
Bathing us all in floods of shining white

(Some disciples study Yoga, some the
Vedic hymns, some music while
others study medicine.

(Enter Jayanta.)

Disciples : Glory to our holy master !

Jayanta ! Glory to God alone—not to men !
 First the Lord, then His saints !
 Come on—glory to the Supreme Light !

Disciples : Glory to the Supreme Light !

Jayanta : (to one of the disciples.)
 Whose savant are you ?

Disciples : Devoted unto Lord Dhanvantari am I.

Jayanta : Son ! like the body
 Treat too the body-dweller.
 The pain that shoots
 Through the wounds of the heart
 Is hardly to be borne by men.

(Approaching another disciple.)

Do not forget, my sons
 Pursuit of science
 And its high achievements
 Are only means to an end.
 All sciences have but one
 —A supreme goal in view
 —That the soul must burn
 With a great and steady flame
 Of all-illuminating,
 Strong, all-loving light

(Approaching still another.)

Search deep
 Into Nature's hidden lore.
 Open with your fingers light
 The hearts of Mother Nature
 Holding infinite treasures within !
 Drink deep the fountain-spring
 Of her Heavenly milk ;
 Many-spouted
 And of unceasing flow

The whole Creation is for those that
knowledge seek

And those who give their lives
To unceasing search after spirit's truths
Have title to all Brahmana rights and
honors.

Drink,

The Mother's milk will not dry up
Because you drink, my sons,
But on the tablet of your heart
Engrave in letters that will always last
" Your Pleasure is not for ever your
good "

(A disciple steps in front and bows down)

Disciple :

" I know not coronets
I know not earrings—
But her tinkling anklets I know
For at her feet I always fell."
Father ! will explain this verse ?

Jayanta :

Know'st thou the brave son Rama
Who never his father's wish did counter-
act,
Know'st thou the saintly Bharata
Who neither the throne nor the grasping
mother did consider,

Know'st thou Queen Seeta,
The crowning jewel of all chaste woman-
hood.

And know'st thou, son, Hanuman
The ever-celibate, in his Lord's service
consecrate—

If thou dost know all these, my son,
For thee 'tis easy to catch a glimpse
Of the terrific life-vow of Lakshmana's
heart.

Disciple I've a notion, Master.

Jayanta : A time will come on earth, my son,
 When men will think
 The lives of great men
 To be but fantasies of a poet's mind ;
 Dwarfs of stunted souls
 Will measure with their heights
 The Titanic bulks of heroic men.
 The sky, my son
 Is not but so high
 As men's eyes can sight
 (Kas'i Raja comes to pay his homage.)
 Welcome, King—
 This deer-skin be your seat.
 (A disciple spreads a deer-skin on a slab.
 Bowing down, Kas'i Raja takes his
 seat on it. His retinue stand around
 him.)
 May highest good greet all !
 O Lord of holy shrines,
 You were long in being here to-day ?

One of the Retinue :

To the Shrine of love
 The fatigue of pilgrimage
 Relaxed his royal legs
 As well as his heart.
 The Lord had gone, O master
 To the luxurious rooms of Love.

Jayanta : To all who are pilgrims to Love
 May fatigue bear fruit.
 March on.
 You need not tarry here
 Serve the one who is loved.
 Your service will of surety bear fruit.
 Go, when the full moon

Bathes the earth in her milky flood,
Like unto her resplendent disc
All-perfect, dazzling, lustrous,
Your royal chambers
The Crown Prince will illuminate.
A God in your palaces to play
Will come on earth.

(To himself).

The seas within my heart
Are surging high to-day
To greet the moon arise
Behind the skyline
Rushing on in tumult great.

Kas'i Raja : (Standing up and joining his hands.)
Words of blessing from the saint have I,
—He read my fortune's tide—and Kas'i's
too.

The holy words of the Master wise
Will sure that full moon-light
make here on earth to rise !

(Exit Kas'i Raja with his retinue.)

A Disciple : “ Yoga is
Control of the racing mind ”
So Patanjali—the revered sage.
“ Ever changing is mind, O Krishna
Indolent, strongly wilful—
Its control to me doth sound
Impossible as the control of heaven's
winds—”
Thus Vyasa in the song of the Lord.
Will say how these can be reconciled ?

Jayanta : When 'tis twilight, son,
Come to the bank
Where the wise enlightened
Apply their thoughts

To deeper research.
 The hoary savant will tell thee all.
 Just now 'tis time for bath.

(Noise outside.)

Noise : 'Tis master's command
 To save the being drowned."
 (All disciples stand at attention. One
 of them recites the daily motto.)

Motto : By patience, born of all-forgiving heart
 And mated with a rare peace of the soul,
 He 'Truth begets ;—an all embracing
 Spirit of compassion clings to him
 Like sister born, to his aid
 He calls like unto a brother own
 A rare control of mind—his bed the earth ;
 His clothes the quarters, and his food
 The ever-sweet and ever-life giving
 Wisdom high—sure such a one,
 In tune with the song supreme,
 Fear and doubt are afraid to touch.

Jayanta : Aye, those whom I have tuned
 To the Song supreme
 Fear and doubt can never touch.
 Go, my sons
 And win a victory o'er the world.

(Exit the disciples. Several other disciples bring in a beautiful woman dripping with water and in a swoon.)

One of the Disciples :

(Running in front.)
 Father, in the mid stream while we played
 At feats of swimming art, we found
 This crowning jewel in a deeper dip.
 The spark of life is not extinct—

We have brought it here
To be warmed to life and saved.

(Jayanta approaches the body and looks
closely on it—steps back and becomes
engrossed for a while in deep thought ;
then brightens up in a moment.)

Jayanta . (Wiping off drops of perspiration from
 the forehead.)
Nothing the Lord creates in vain.
This beautiful damsel will to life come
back,
And others to life restore.
Lay her down in the Communion Cave
On the seat
Where I communion seek.
Cover her up with the lion's-skin.
 (Exit disciples ; while going)

Disciples : 'Tis morning cool
 And the Master
 Had perspiration on his brows !

Another Disciple :
 Ineffaceable, friend,
 Are the letters of light
 That our stars on our foreheads write.
 (Take the damsel to the Communion
 Cave.)

Jayanta : It is Jaya,
 The light of the world—
 The holy stream of chastest thoughts
 The spirit of saintly womanhood.
 This plight—why in this plight ?
 What are the news of the Mountain Land ?
 Open, O closed gateways of Time
 Narrate your tale.

JAYA AND JAYANTA

My pupils the Princess rescued
 I will give her the warmth
 Of all my occult powers.
 I will send her the heat of my soul—
 She shall wake to life
 And shine on the earth again.

(sends telepathic vibrations of soul-force.)

Thou saint,
 Art sure of thine much-vaunted sainthood?
 Then wend thy way
 To the presence
 Of all the beauty the world does hold.

(The curtain bursts and the Communion Cave opens. Princess Jaya covered with the lion's skin lies on the couch where Jayanta sits down to meditate. Her eyes are open, but consciousness has not yet returned.)

There on my meditation seat
 Lies stretched
 The highest sanctity of the earth.
 And how brightly gleams
 Playing in her eyes
 A lightening flame
 (Joining his hands in greeting.)

SONG.

A brilliant flame burns in thine eyes;
 That flame of Love I see and greet
 I see and greet.
 A lightening streak plays in the skies;
 The flame of light I see and greet
 I see and greet.
 The hours were of midnight
 and were dark,

Gloom shrouded the earth,
Stiff and stark,
But in thine eyes were colours bright—
That flame of tints I see and greet
I see and greet.
Lo ! Nature's gateways open wide,
And floods of light have swelled in tide,
The seeker sees the supreme Light,
Eyes pour their souls in eyes there burning
bright,
That flame of light I see and greet,
I see and greet.
The glance has writ my scroll of Fate,
The Beloved knows the lover lying in wait,
The soul doth know the soul cognate
That flame of cognition I see and greet—
I see and greet.

* * * *

Don't come down,
Card house of my frame !
Don't break, unbreakable soul !
This is a corpse of flesh
And not the lighted palace of life.
Beware, Oh Jayanta, beware
Lust never is Love.
The gateways, closed for long
Have oped their portals
To the glimpse of Highest Light
But with one shaft—some ray from the
eye.
Stop, O Eros,
That agitate even the Gods,
Stop beyond the threshold of this cave—
This warrior is another type ;
The Lord of seekers burnt thee
Rendering thee frameless and fleshless :
I shall to ashes turn
Even thy fleshless, formless frame
And distribute 'em to my pupils here.

JAYA AND JAYANTA

Those that besmear their bodies with
 them
 Shall suffer nought
 From stinging darts
 Of glances wounding the depths of hearts

(Softening.)

This plight !
 Like the moon dripping wet with light ?
 Ye, mountain-lands, your Princess this !
 Ye, Royal Father—the Crest O' your
 Crown !
 Ye, Royal Mother—The Crescent Fringe of
 the Love of your heart !
 Witness her rise from her watery bed.
 When in the snowy mounts
 The full-moon rose
 And fountain—flames of light
 Burst from each summit-range
 Like nectar floods from Godly eyes ;
 O Jaya, then too for thy heavenly heart
 The full moon's festive night did bloom,
 And from each rounded rising limb
 The nectars of thy soul
 Burst forth in surging cataracts.
 (Sighs).

Gone, all that is gone
 And memories alone are left
 Of dreams dreamt sweetly in the past.

(With a steadier mind.)

Depart, depart, O Lord of Rati,
 This is the Cave
 Of those that are tuned to suffer.

(The parents of Jayanta passing from
 the plane of the manes to the plane
 of supreme Light stop a while on

their way. They shower flowers on
Jayanta.)
(Jaya moves a little bit.)

The Father : My Queen
“ Defeat ye seek
From sons and pupils yours.”
Say the holy books
We have achieved salvation this day.

The Mother : My Lord ! Say “ son ”
And you spell “ Progress.”
The sacrifice of life
Left incomplete by parents gone
He takes up and does carry to its end.
To-day our life’s vow sees its final con-
summation,
The son hath laid at our feet
The oblations of a consecrated life
And the offerings sacred most
Of aim devoted to the uplift of the Earth.

The Father : And here is this,
Our salvation day.

The Mother : When our eyes
On our son’s fair face did fall,
Discerned we a God’s soul there.

The Father : Hasten to pay your homage to your son.
Son-worship is
The worship of the onward marching
world.
Bless all mankind
That sons may
Brighten all their homes.
On the victory of life’s desire
Rests the base of life’s devotion to higher
light.

Both :

Oh men and women o' the Earth,
To you be born the sons
That carry to their final end
What once begun their parents left
Unfinished in the span of life.

(They shower flowers again. Jaya
heaves a deep yawn and gets up, sees
Jayanta and recognises him.)

Jaya :

Who !
Jayanta who a saint was born ?

(The aura of victory bursts around the
head of Jayanta. The heavenly pair
delighting at its sight fly soaring to
the plane of supreme Light.)

SCENE 2

TIME AND PLACE

THE TRUNK ROAD LEADING TO THE TEMPLE OF KAS'IVISHVESHWARA.

Tirthagor : My life I led in holy shrines
But this day led me to a sure
Realisation of what holy shrines could be.
As I place my feet on the holy soil,
The deep wounds cease to burn, cool
down and heal.
The hermits of the holy land
Have spared me nought.
Four days have been four lives to me.
They laid me on a bed of thorns.
They hanged me by the feet on trees
They pushed me across red-burning pyres.
They clasped me to the breasts
Of red-hot iron forms of women—
As his skin the snake casts off
They made me drop my former self.
True, I too had not spared
Humanity aught in my sins.
Ravana had but one Seeta abducted—
My Lord! forgive me—
How many pilgrimages
May a mortal pilgrim make
And still on his bent head carry
Big loads of sin?
But—bless my soul—
How cool—how soothing
Even this soil of the city of freedom
feels?

JAYA AND JAYANTA

The eyes of its hermit citizens
Shower rains of peace and love.

(Thinks.)

I had in the Ganges a dip
My mortal shell had a thorough wash—
But can my soul be washed so clean as
that ?

The world has Ravana
Still living his life on it.

(Thinks again)

In Harikunja yon
A holy stream does flow—
The saint of the Supreme Light—
But his mere association purifies
—I will have a dip
In the fountain springs of his wisdom
pure—

My soul will then have her wash.
Even Satan assumes Godliness there.

(Exit. Enter the King and the Queen
of the Mountain Land.)

The Queen :

SONG.

On the surging billows of life's sea
The human barque does rock.
There the boiling tide does seethe ;
The storm in its mad career does rush.
On the mountain-wave of time
The human barque does drift—
On the surging billow of the high sea
The human barque does toss.

My Lord ; when will the clouds disperse ?
When will the storm calm down ?

The King :

Be patient, Queen, be patient.
The Lord who holds unflinching
This Earth dwells in patience.

The Queen : Lord ! How many woods did we roam ?
Valleys descend and mountains scale ?
But where is Jaya ?
And where is Jayanta ?
And where are the people of the Mountain
Land,
My very children, loved and loveable ?
Endless is this life of distress.

The King : That which in the world does seem
To have no end, must end,
My Queen !

The Queen : Where are the watersheds of Gangotri
And where are my lovely communion
caves ?
When shall we see all that land
And with our thirsty eyes
Drink deep of its sight,
My Lord !

The King : The world
Neither you nor I had seen—
We have had a glimpse
And pilgrimage too.

The Queen : Fate wrote her script adverse
—If 'twere not so
My daughter like a Goddess fair
And my Minister's son like God in flesh.
—The ideals as it were of manhood and
womanhood
Enthroned in the visionary's dreams
—Would they have, Lord
Such forests of calamities to cross ?

The King : Who erred ? Fate or We ?
Jayanta came victorious home,

Our Jaya he saved from the avalanche's
path
And then our Jaya's soul
Arose in a lovely moonlight flash,
And lit up her face ;
I made her set again.

The Queen : No, my Lord ! 'Tis I who erred.
The world I wanted to show
That the Royal daughter of the Mountain
Land
Was Empress of the holiest of holy lands.

The King : As latent fire lives in a log of wood,
So deep, in my heart of hearts,
Subtle but sure,
Unencouraged but not uncherished,
Like unto a filmy beam
A kindred wish
I must have entertained.
If not, the rockbed castle of my Royal will
Would not have perished into an ashen
heap.

The Queen : Why weep, O King
The saint of the supreme Light
Extinguishes the burning fires of all souls,
And soothes them to tranquil peace.

The King : O Queen,
Who can quench
The simmering volcanoes within the self ?
In the spirit of my Royal self
Has burst a beacon-fire
Of repentance.
As I have burnt on the altar of my Royal
will
My daughter
And him like unto my son who was,

So will I burn
Like an offering on the altar
Of expiation of my sins—
And yet what I have done
Will ne'er, my Queen, be undone !
I erred, my Queen, I erred
In my Royal duties
And in my duties as a father too.

The Queen : My Lord, 'twas you who said—
“ Kasi is the solace of those
Who were suffering-scorched.”
Are we only so fated
As not to get that soothing peace
For the solace of ourselves ?

The King : Queen, like the spokes of the wheel
The trunkroads of all towns
Meet in the holy square
Of this city of supreme freedom—
As all the rivers pour
Their watery streams
In the big vast sea—

The Queen : My King, 'twas you who said
“ As from the white Hills
Many holy streams do flow
So from this holiest of holy lands
Many sanctified streams branch off
In all quarters,
Purifying the world of its sins.”

The King : The Home of the Aryas means Benares
And Benares means the town
Where duty and purity are supreme.
'Tis the Freemen's City of supreme
Freedom—
As the veins their blood do send
Into the heart which purifies

And sends it coursing into the veins again,
 So is Benares the heart of the Earth,
 It sends back all who came to it
 Soothed and chastened of the soul.
 And so shall we be purified
 By the shining sage of the Supreme Light.

The Queen : Deep in my heart do I feel
 That sins will vanish
 And all the good we want
 Will burst in lovely sprouts—
 (Giriraja and the Queen go to the Hari-
 kunja. Enter Nritya Dasi afire.)

Nritya Dasi : Oh, save me, save me
 Drag me out—
 Some God's good man please
 Drag me out—
 I burn—
 I burn for ever
 In the high leaping roaring flames
 Of flesh and of things of the flesh.
 Wherever my lips have closed
 In burning kisses
 Fiery sparks do scorch.
 Where hearts were clasped to hearts
 Conflagrations burn—
 Where limbs were pressed to limbs in
 close embrace
 Flames spring up licking round.
 Wasps dig their stings in my eyebrows
 And scorpion stings deep shoot
 Through each small part of my frame.
 Put down this beacon—fire ;
 Take off this poison of the soul,
 Some one of you, ye God's goodly men.
 Thus burn too several like me
 Sporting in the palaces of intoxicated lust

Selling their selves for a pleasure's half-hour.

Arise, Take birth, come into the world

Some saint with the Supreme Light

In whose self burns

The flame of pure wisdom ;

Some one of a holy life

Aye one of a pure, white soul.

The burning—the aflame

Help float,

Drag out,

Uplift.

SCENE 3

THE MANGO-GROVE IN THE HARI-KUNJA NEAR THE
HERMITAGE.

(Enter Jaya and Jayanta singing the
song of 'bye-gones')

Jayanta : My Jaya ! the days are past
When woe on woe assailed us ;

Jaya : Let the Lord be thanked,
The Great in Mercy.

Jayanta : My Jaya ! the days are past
When woe on woe assailed us.
We had kingdoms, we had thrones
We had palaces, pleasures—all ;
But in the woods and on the holy banks
We found no cots to lay ourselves to sleep
Such days are gone !

Jaya : Let the Lord be thanked
The Great in mercy.

Jaya : In my heart the fire burns ;
The world does burn in its lurid flame
That this conflagration be quenched
So rain thy love-ambrosia, Prince.

Jayanta : Those days are gone ;

Jaya : Let the Lord be thanked ;
The great in Mercy

Jayanta : Oh Jaya, those days are gone
When woe on woe assailed us
In the woods of woeful days
Love was writ on leaf to leaf ;
Adversity heaped itself in hills—
The Lord lay shining in each stone.
Such days are past.

Jaya : Let the Lord be thanked
The great in Mercy.

Jayanta : My Jaya, the days are past
When woe on woe assailed us.

Jaya : The Lord takes care of the good
The Gods have no cares—
Jayanta, thou art a God on earth.

Jayanta : Aye, I was saved by a needle-point—
But, Jaya,
Thou wert wounded for life—
The Lord starts to test
Those whom He wills to make his own.
To me less kindly was He
—My test was milder so ;
God loved thee, O Jaya,
The testing of thy sterling worth
Was therefore full, My Jaya.
The hotter the light of the sun,
The finer the water-drops that go above—
The higher they ascend the skies.
Jaya ! finer far is spirit thine
And it will soar much higher—
To the summits of the heavens high.

(both lean against two mango-trees,
one against each.)

Jaya : I do not grieve, Jayanta
Over what befell myself !
But what princesses may be soiled
By Priests of Sin ?
What unsophisticated gazelles
May thus fall prey
To death-faced hunters !
Oh ! what daughters beauteous
of Mother Seeta
May thus be forced to temptations
By enlightened monsters
Born of Ravana's line !
In the woods
The all-pervading spirit rules—
And in the woods is Jayanta too—
I do not mourn
My lot in forest cast—
I mourn
The Fate of these sisters mine.

Jayanta : Jaya, thou in forests livest.
I in deserts do reside.
Thou livest in pity's burning flames.
I 'smear its ashes
All my person o'er.
We have both same sorrows and same
griefs.

Jaya : Spurned—Jayanta, I spurned
The victorious bow
Thou hadst in my feet lain.
Thou wert drenched
In the flooding tears of my grief,
Valmiki lived not far from here—
I, my lover's thrush
Was wounded in my heart,
And so did my he-bird fall into swoon
—Thus was writ our epic great.
(The Peacock Pair come sporting.)

Jayanta : The past is endless,
And the future too is infinite,
As many hopes there are
As experiences
And now ? Jaya !

Jaya : And now ?
Now whate'er Jayanta commands.
I did not once obey you
And we had to pass
Through wilds of sorrow.

Jayanta : Jaya, look at these birds.

Jaya : They sport themselves
In the drizzling showers of the Shravana
month.
The peacock has spread
His glorious tinted wealth
Of flashing God-given gems.

Jayanta : Jaya, shall we spread such wealth ?

Jaya : Thou—the peacock hast an aura of light ;
The she-bird is bald—like me !

Jayanta : The peacock to the mate may impart
Jewelled leaflets of feathers bright ?

Jaya : Then I too will spread
My wealth of colours like unto thee
—A solar system come on earth.

(Jaya climbs on to a low hanging branch
of the tree and seats herself on it.)

Jayanta : Now, Jaya, take care
'Tis not so easy.

Jaya : I have a Godly Master like thee, Jayanta !
My discipleship won't be hard.

Jayanta : The moon shines by her light—
Jaya Jayanta's moonlight is.

Jaya : Then what now, Jayanta ?
(Jayanta seats himself on a branch of
the other tree.)

Jayanta : Home or Humanity ?
Self or all-embracing Love ?
Life or Sacrifice ?
These problems face us now.
Choose and devote thyself to either—
By thy side I stand
To give thy work a shape
For this life and eternity.

Jaya : Of the flesh please talk no more.
Jayanta, the Hunter fell a prey,
The Priest of Sin was tempted
By the lure of this fleshy self.
Not such, O Jayanta,
Are mine eyes or yours,
Infatuation—blinded now
Or dazzled with the glamour of en-
lightened sin.
Didst thou save me from the icy avalanche
To drown me
In the tempting stream of Earth's de-
lusions ?
Thou hast not ever touched these limbs,
Wilt soil them now
With lust-ful, flesh-reeking touch ?
The objects of the Earth
I have not tasted—
But I have looked on from afar,

JAYA AND JAYANTA

The poisons of the world
In them are concentrated.

(A cuckoo sings from the mango-tree.)

Jayanta : Jaya,
The cuckoo of thy sacred soul
I wished to harken to.
She sang " Excelsior."

Jaya : What now then, Jayanta ?

Jayanta : There are Yoga-caves on mountain-tops
And at the foot are Brahma-groves
This is my Hari-Kunja's mango-grove.

Jaya : The Immortals will come to it.

Jayanta : And lo !
On the yonderbank of the holy stream
Those thickets of the Brahma-wood.
Let beauty to sanctity give birth,
Let chastity's sapling sprout
In the garden of the lovely ones.
I try to shape the bow of the husband's
 hearts
Thou make the harps of wifely souls o'
 the Earth—
Those glorious sacred songs of the world
Which we, O Jaya, did not sing
—Let them be sung all o'er the Earth
In one grand thundering chorus.

Jaya : If lure of sin them tempt not,
If 'twixt passion and love
They finely discriminate,
If joys of sensuous lust
From bliss of pure, true Love
They differentiate,
Then all, the lovely women of human race

Are pilgrims to the supreme Light,
Vowed to chastity to end of time.

Jayanta : Sprinkle on them
These overwhelming floods of light and life,
So that their souls may never die.

Jaya : But Jayanta
Is thy grove not far too near my wood ?
After all, may we trust our souls ?

Jayanta : This life we lead till the flame
Of faith in ourselves burns bright.
If shades of darkness seem to soil
Its lustrous purity
Wend thy way at once
To the God's abode, the Himine range
And I will turn my steps
To distant climes beyond the seas.
But Jaya, what art thou ?
God or Demon ?
To me thou art a Goddess sure.
(Jaya leaps down from the tree, folds her
hands, bows down her head.)

Jaya : I am a mere woman
“ Come to thee for light
—Please teach—”

Jayanta : (Coming down from the tree.)
Jaya
Is woman weaker than brute ?
The peacock over the God of lust
Did score a victory
And so did his mate ;
Will man and woman
Take defeat from him ?
Where Love supremely rules,

Desire hath no place.
 Love craves not for carnation
 "Wherever the soul, the body has to be"
 Is not a syllogism
 Of the science of the world
 Where will, endeavour and earnest
 Zeal combine
 What may resist our conquest of the
 world?

Jaya : But Eros too
 Is famed as conqueror of the world—

Jayanta : Still there is one fortress
 That yet has not fallen
 Resisting all attacks from Eros' might.
 The Fort of Love
 Lord Cupid has not overpowered.
 Teach me the lessons of that Love—
 Thou hast conquered—
 Teach me to conquer it.
 When man and woman
 Will over Cupid score a victory
 The Earth will shine
 Like the land of supreme Light.
 Rising in million-rayed resplendence.
 The spark of light that did reveal
 Itself in the Yoga caves of this snowy
 range

Bursts out
 From thine own soul to-day.
 Serve goblets of that light to the world.
 The midnight gloom
 Of misgrasped nature of things
 Does shroud the world to-day.
 Raise the ne'er-setting sun of love on high.
 Raise thyself resplendent
 In the Heaven of the Earth

Like the roseate dawn
Of ideals pure and chaste.

Jaya : Jayanta,
I've heard thy clarion-call,
And to-day I have seen arise
The orb of woman's enlightenment and
good.
The moon receives the light of the sun,
And the moonlight shines in its glory full,
So has thy light thus burst on to me
And I am born
To-day to my birth of enlightenment
supreme.
From this day
I am a pilgrim to the Supreme Light
In its Primal source.
I shall fix my hermitage in the Brahma
woods
In thy ambrosial light
that never will set.

Jayanta : Jaya, this is thy birth to Love.
'Tis Love inspires one to noble deeds.
Thou art now consecrate to noble acts.
The perfume of thy heavenly deeds
The winds will waft all over the Earth
And fill it with their odour sweet.
With Love.
Thou join unattachedness.
Thou wilt forever be
Free from risk
Moored to thy vow eternal.
Jaya, fix thy hermitage here
And as thou didst win,
So lead all others to victory.
Now sing
The song of victory over the world.

Jaya :

SONG.

Hark ! the thundering hurrahs
To the victorious seeker of Light
All the Universe fill !
Verily he who bears aloft
The banner of the supreme Lord
Triumphant marches thro' life.
The war is won when the flag is down ;
Life is won when the passions are cool ;
All wealth is won when ambition is laid ;
All sorrow is past when woes are o'er.
Heaven is gained when sacrifice is o'er
Freedom is there when bliss is won
The world succumbs when Eros flies
And Light is reached when the Soul is
Known—
Verily he who bears aloft
The banner of the supreme Lord
Triumphant marches thro' life
Hark ! the thundering hurrahs
To the victorious seeker of Light
All the Universe fill.

SCENE 4

MORNING IN THE COURT OF KAS'I RAJA

(In the assemblage of the State High Priest, Poet Laureate, Ministers, Popular representatives and Musicians ; comes Kas'i Raja. All shower blessings.

SONG.

The Courtiers : In the tongues of various races
Say your blessings.

The Priest : Long live : a hundred winters !

The Courtiers : For defending of the Faith,
For spreading the glory of the Lord,

The Priest : Long live : a hundred winters !

The Courtiers : Till the Ganges flows and sanctifies the
Earth,
Till the ocean thunders
Circling round the world,
Thy fame untarnished be indelible
On the fleeting waves of Time.

The Priest : Long live : a hundred winters !

The Courtiers : Man and God !
Ye all this blessing say,

The Priest : Long live : a hundred winters !

The Courtiers : For the progress of the land,
For the Nation's supreme good.

The Priest : Long live : a hundred winters !

The Courtiers : Till thy laws and justice work unstained,
Till the sun shines and the moon glistens
on high
Thy fame untarnished
Be indelible on the fleeting waves of time.

The Priest : Long live : a hundred winters.

The Poet Laureate :

Kasi's star shines bright to-day, O Prince,
Each home observes a holiday.
The Crown Prince's birthday joys
All celebrate on surging ecstatic tide.

Kas'i Raja : My pure and lucky people,
Your loyal deeds have given me the Prince.

One of the Popular Representatives :

'Tis due
To your Majesty's devotion to duty.
Like your child, the populace
You protect, to progress lead,
And fondly steep in comforts.
That parenthood, King,
Is bound to be born
Embodied as a crown prince unto you.

Kas'i Raja : The words of blessing
Uttered by the sage of the Supreme Light
Have taken form
And as Prince to me have taken birth.

The Prime Minister :

When the State and the people
To mutual good devote themselves
And their consideration
For each other accumulate
In continuous series of beneficent acts
And when this combines itself
With the enlightened utterance
Of a sage of spirit-Light,
Even the Lord himself will come on Earth.

(Enter the Queen—regnant with all
royal symbols like the canopy and
the chowries with the Crown Prince
in her arms accompanied by ladies of
the town.)

The Priest : Incessant luck, Queen regnant !
Long live the Prince !

(The Priest offers rice and kumkuma.
The Court offers greetings.)

Kas'i Raja : (rising and receiving.)
Welcome, Lady,
You are the dawn of better days

(Acknowledging the greetings of all the
Queen-regnant takes her seat on the
throne.)

Let the people have a glimpse of the
morning sun, of the Royal House.

Queen : Do have it, Citizens of the Holy Metro-
polis,
There is the father born in the son.
This your baby Lord of the morrow

(The people are shown the Crown-
Prince.)

Prime Minister :

Like the lustrous aura
Of the people's sovereign will !

One of the People :

Like the good embodied
Born of the Royal forefathers.

Poet Laureate :

An ever-blooming, shining flower
Born of the willow-flame
of his parent's love.

(Enter the sage of the Supreme Light
with his disciples. The Royal pair
get up from the throne and receive
him.)

Queen : Welcome and make us pure.

Sage : Let good attend on all good men.

Kas'i Raja : The palace shines
With the light of your holy life.
So too let the throne get light.
(The sage takes his seat on the throne.)

Kas'i Raja : (To the Queen).
Queen, offerings of welcome ?

Queen : Here they are, my Lord
The five fold nectar of
this sweet-souled reception !
(The Royal Couple worship the sage with
offerings.)

Kas'i Raja : (After final greetings.)
Command, O sage !

The Sage : I read the stars again and again.
Such were those of Dushyanta's son ;
Now they are of this scion of your house.

The Populace : Great his birth !
Ho, great his life !

The Sage . The land of the Aryas—Aryaverta
Is the lodestar of all Aryan race
Spread over continents nine
And the Crown Prince
Of this City of learning and of faith
Is the Crown Prince of this world.
Many names will he have—
They are writ
In characters of brilliant star-light
And any one may read—
But of the people of the Earth
Lokavrata—
“Consecrated to people's good”
Will be loved of all.

Populace : Victory, victory to the Prince,
Victory to the Crown Prince of the Aryan
race.

The Priest : Let his person yield him objects Four :
Let his spirit take him
To peace and communion with the
Supreme Lord ;
Let a holy flame high burn in his chastely
frame ;
To eternity let his glory live on earth—
Long live ever waxing
A hundred winters long
The Crown Prince !

The Sage : King ! and Queen !
The galaxy lies across

The Prince's forehead broad ;
 Paramount Lord will he be of the Jambu
 Isle
 Seven oceans—girt.
 The symbol of the sun
 Lies writ in his right hand palm ;
 Like sunlight will his glory
 Drive the darkness of the Earth away.

The Queen : Infallibility attend your words !

Kas'i Raja : Minister mine,
 Give varied gifts to-day.
 Let the Royal Stores be emptied
 That they may be the fuller stocked.
 Give that it may overflow again !
 No pauper may disgrace to-day
 The vast domains of Kas'i's lord.

The Sage : Prince, Your people's happiness and love—

Kas'i Raja : 'Tis my people's love and loyalty alone
 That makes me powerful and bright.
 In the people is reflected
 The manhood of the royal man.
 O people great,
 here is our loyal word,
 The holy word a long ancestry always
 said ;
 To those that ask for justice
 We shall visit them in their homes,
 And justice deal with even hands.
 Our justice is our arm
 And also our treasure-chest.
 And filial faith of our people great
 In our royal parenthood
 Is centred
 In untainted purity of our courts of law.

All demand for good shall we hear
And shall satisfy.

The Assembly : Victory to the saintly King
of the Holy City !

Poet Laureate : The sun by his retinue of stars doth shine,
The system shines by the solar light ;
The body shines with the light of the soul ;
The soul within through the frame doth
speak ;
Creation's heart is bright with the Supreme
Soul—
Manifests He his light by visible worlds ;
Thus the people through their sovereign
Lord do shine ;
And the Lord's great lustre from the people
springs.

Musician : The glory of your house,
Majesty,
Even the clouds do sing
Soaring into the skies
And filling Creation's spaces

SONG.

The clouds soar into the skies
And in thundering echoes sing
The glory of your royal House—
The clouds, etc.
Look at the breaking light,
'Tis dawn, O noble king ;
From wood to wood
The notes of peacocks ring ;
The watery mists
In the rising dawn
Whisper tales of your glory,
From ear to ear, noble king
The clouds etc.

(Nectar drops fall from space on the Prince)—

One lady of the Court :

The nectar of the Gods
Descended on the Earth
And Kas'i became
Indra's town.

Kas'i Raja : Oh sage of the supreme Light,
I have't had my fill of giving away.
Each breath of wind
Brings wafting on it
The wails of suffering mankind.
Each ray of light pours into my ears
Tales of woes inflicted by man on man.

The Sage : They will soon pour
Stories of a people's content.
That after giving away
You feel like giving more
Presages luck and progress.
King, the daughter of the Mountain Land
has come—

Kas'i Raja : The chastest purity of the Earth—
Does she embodied Kas'i grace?

The Sage : She has come to found
a woman-hermit's order
In the Brahma woods of Kas'i
For women seeking light.
That revered dame
You saw the other day
Clothed in moonlight garments.

Kas'i Raja : Oh ! Is that the lustre-dripping holy form ?
Let Brahma woods
Belong to Beauties seeking supreme Light !

The Sage : The search after supreme Light
Deserves to find a place
On the Bhagirathi banks.
May supreme good attend thee, King,
And thy Royal house.

Kas'i Raja : God fulfilled my word !
The Princess Jaya
Became the Mother of mothers—
Th' enlightened mother of the Aryan race.
Queen, let us go
And pay our homage full
To that seeker after supreme Truth.
O Brahma sage,
Procure us a glimpse
Of that Brahma maiden.

The Sage : The glimpse
Of self-willed, self-imposed,
Self-impelled search after Light
Is verily the glimpse
Of the Light Supreme itself

(Exit the sage, the King, the Queen,
accompanied by attendants carrying
the Crown Prince in the arms.)

The Premier : Benares's holy frame of faith
Will on two pillars rest
—The Hari groves and the Brahma woods

The Priest : The Earth-bearing Serpent
Bears his burden great
Supported by the noble deeds
Of those who nobly live.

The Poet Laureate :
The Bhagirathi's stream
Is sacred called

Because it flows
From the noble deeds
Of those who nobly live.

One of the People :

Great saints are souls
of holy shrines ;

The Premier : The world's great sages are
The holy rulers of sacred shrines.

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SCENE 5

MORNING IN THE BRAHMA WOODS ON THE BANKS OF THE
GANGES.

THE AUSPICIOUS HOUR FOR LAYING THE FOUNDATION
STONE OF THE "HOME OF THE WOMEN THAT SEEK THE
LIGHT SUPREME."

(A bevy of heavenly nymphs singing
and dancing descend from the sky.

The Nymphs : Images of immortal youth—
Ripples of hope and soaring buoyancy—
Forces of Mother Nature's soul—
Who will have us—
Who will have us—
Who will have us—
Who will have us—
—Images of immortal youth?
Residents of high heavens we;
Maids unto Gods are we;
Thirsting to serve Love's votaries—
—Who will have us—
Who will have us—
Who will have us—
Who will have us—
—Images of immortal youth?

Menaka : Urvasi !
The Lord of Gods has ordered us
To forest this—did he not ?

Urvashi : They had a festive day in Paradise
 —And the Queen of Gods thus ordered us ;
 “ ‘Tis wedding day, auspicious and fair
 In Brahma woods
 On Ganges Banks—
 Go there and sing melodious songs
 Of Love and sacrifice.”
 Lo ! the maidenly pupils there
 Paint sacred symbols on the floor
 And a sacrificial altar set up.

(Approaching the maidens.)

Victory to the pure-souled of the Earth !
 Chaste maidens ! Is it the happy wedding-
 day
 Of Prince Jayanta, world's great victor,
 to-day ?

One of the Maidens :

Welcome hither—
 Set up your Elysium on Earth.
 'Tis a great day here to-day—
 For Princess Jayā
 Founds her hermit-college in these woods
 For the women of the Earth
 Who elect to search
 For the Supreme Light
 And dream not of physical wedlock.

Menaka : (To Urvasi.)
 Anything but the truth
 The Queen of heaven will not tell !
 (Thinks.)

Rambha : The Brahma woods are surely these !
 (All nymphs try to think.)

Urvasi : In the thick groves scatter ourselves and
wait :
Whatever is, will soon come to light.
(All hide themselves in the branches
and twigs of trees.)

One of the Maidens :
(To herself.)
My symbols are done !
(Enter Jayanta, Giriraja and Rajarani.)

Giriraja : (King of Mountain Land.)
So help me God, Great sage,
In the last life's stage
I laid unfounded charge at your door
Deprived you of your home ;
Deported from the city of your birth,
Sent you into long exile,
And made you a resident of wilds forever !
Which future birth
Will off our Karmic tablet wash
These acts of misapprehended duty
Born of Royal power ?

Rajarani : (Queen of the Mountain Land.)
To spare me further sight
Of you who stood in Jaya's way
To marriage with yon Kas'i's Lord,
I had you sent in banishment—
Will the Lord us ever forgive ?
Misfortunes sown by many a mother like
me
Does many a royal daughter reap,
Dry weeping her eyes in many a palace
on earth.
If not,
Many a one is steeped
Deep in sinful enjoyment of bestial joys—

Alas ! so many royal mothers
Marry their princesses fair
Not to Kings,
But to the thrones of Kings !

Jayanta : Repentance's consuming flame
Burns out all sin
To purity white birth giving.
Not less through fires of suffering have ye
passed.
You have roamed o'er forest each
Visiting all the shrines
And washed yourself with all their holy
waters.

(Enter Princess Jaya ready for being
initiated into her vows.)

Rajarani : But this—the apple of my eyes,
My sole solace of life !
The life strings of my heart asunder burst
To find that she should find no joy
In earth's fare spread before her
And renouncing all
Should don these ochre robes.

Jaya : Mother,
Dost want to see
Thy daughter adorned with Peace ?
Then see, O mother,
In this woodland life of mine
The climax of my beauteous toilet of
Peace !
Dim thine eyes no more with tears.
There are joys and peace in the world,
But a moment's frothy tide they are.
Thou hast travelled long and far—
Didst thou not see

Ever roaring, ever rising
Tide of Peace that flows in a life of sacrifice ?

Giriraja : Thy pardon asks thy father,
His head full laid at thy feet ;
On the altar of the roaring flames of my
Royal pride
I offered thee, a human sacrifice
A virgin-beautiful and perfect-souled
(Tries to fall at the feet of Jaya who
prevents him from doing so.)

Jaya : Father ! Do not make me sin.
You have given me peace.
My golden sheet of soul
Was tested and burnished
In the white heat of my sufferings great,
This sage of the Supreme Light
New life instilled in me
By his holy and soothing companionship.
I won the world—
I will make all win the world—
Father—Mother dear.
My life its full realisation has had.

Rajarani : When—this great Prince courted thee
And asked for thy hand, my darling child,
Had I but given thee to him,
This world of miseries
Neither him, nor thee nor us
would have befallen.
But Fate had surely sown
And with our own hands did we water
them ;
All ourselves did we serve these thorny
fruits.

Jayanta : O Royal Mother !
 That me the Princess you did not give,
 Was the highest good you did to me.
 Jayanta in name in that former stage
 I only was.
 In banishment accepting I rose above the
 world.
 The fires of suffering made me pure.
 I was not then what I am now come to be.
 And therefore
 I attained to-day
 What then I could not grasp.

Giriraja : We dammed, alas, the free flow of Love's
 stream
 —No parents peace attain
 Nor children happy make thereby—
 Harken and bear in mind,
 O Earth's good mortals,
 The message self-speaking of our experi-
 ence of life.
 Nourish by parental warmth of touch
 Your children's loves,
 Do prune, do purify
 Yet uproot them not,

(Enter Kas'i Raja and his Queen-
 regnant.)

Kas'i Raja : O Mother of the Aryan race
 Spread over continents nine,
 Forgive me my poor kingly "Ego."
 Forget the past
 And as you conquered,
 So too the world to conquer teach.

Jaya : The Lord of the holy city you are,
 And forever pure, you are
 Protector of the Earth's pure-lifed, O
 Prince—

The pursuit and observance of this kingly
duty
Is the royal road to the conquest of the
world.
Your noble consort
Born of a spiritual race
Will wake to life
World's Hymn that prays for Supreme
Light,
Echoing and re-echoing
Through the thundering domes of Ben-
ares's beautiful shrines
And the echoes in all the mortal world
Will pass reverberating on.

Kas'i Raja : King of the Mountain Land,
Take back your realm.
Whatever was and is not found, demand
But Prince, alas !
How shall I give you back
The happy days I robbed you of ?
How shall I make you feel
Forgetful of the woeful days
I put you through !
O queenly dame,
The forest-groves of Benares mine
Have been graced by your holy feet—
Return now to your mountain clime
And send for us for ever and on
The holy waters of the Ganges' source.
Your kindness our thirst will quench.
Give birth
To heroic children
Like unto Jaya and Jayanta,
Conquerors of the Earth
And send them on
To ennoble and purify
The temple-shrines of the Holy land.

Giriraja : Noble Prince ! of S'akuntala born,
 Bharata
 Lent his name to the Aryan land,
 And you on this godly country hold
 The canopy of enlightened faith.
 None can rival you in the task you hold.
 We have a Taxila on theSindhu's banks,
 And the Colleges of Kas'i on the Ganges'
 stream.
 On Earth the free disbursement of Light
 and Faith
 O Prince of the holy land, you're carrying
 out.

Jayanta : The hour approaches ;
 Let all God's men and women
 Take themselves to the bunyan grove
 (Enter Devarshi on his pilgrimage round
 the world.)

Devarshi : I shall make to-day
 A pilgrimage to the Brahma woods
 (Looking all round.)
 O, ho ! Jaya and Jayanta these,
 The children of my soul's adoption :
 (Jaya and Jayanta recognising Devarshi
 run to him and greet him. All others
 greet him too.)

Devarshi : Supreme good be showered on all !
 What festive day is this ?—
 Oh ! I understand—
 Jaya vanquished the world,
 And for women treaders
 Of the path to the victory o'er Earth
 A home of Light she buildeth in these
 Brahma woods.

Giriraja : Your prophesy to undo we tried ever so hard ;
Even Fate however did fail
That enlightened presage
Uttered by your enlightened self to undo.
Jaya's person undefiled remains.

Rajarani : I did not to Jayanta my daughter give :
So did she turn herself
Into a saintly seeker of soul-communion !

Devarshi : " Two golden-winged mates
Creation's tree embrace to-gether."
This Vedic hymn is realised on earth
to-day.
On two banks are two saintly homes,
Like the two God's-wings
In their warm hatch embracing the world ;
And mid-between
The Ganges with its sanctifying flow—
World's heart held between two warming
arms.
Will surely open now
Temples of the All-pervading
For the ill-fated also of the Earth.
O royal mother,
Fruits ripen when 'tis season theirs.
If you to Jayanta did not give her,
They both their remnant of life will spend
On but one tree.
They conquered and others will make
conquer.

(The bevy of nymphs reveal themselves.)

Menaka : Victory to the Gods on earth !
We are the nymphs of the heavenly
world.

The Lord of Gods has sent us, sage,
To sing auspicious songs
In the wedding festivities of to-day.

Devarshi : Step in with your godly steps.
So long as the Lord of Gods
Feels interested in this mortal world,
The Earth is surely lucky.
Sing your lovely song of the Flute
Supreme.

Kas'i Raja's Queen :
My Lord ! Is it a wedding day to-day ?
(The Nymphs sing their lovely song of
the Flute Supreme.)

Nymphs : SONG.
Hark ! the Note Supreme
The Note Supreme !
The music of the Flute Supreme
Sings in space and spheres,
In air, on earth and heavens.
Atoms of the seen and the unseen
Sing of perennial bliss.
Some deeply mystic voice doth sing that
Note,
From far afar, beyond the three worlds
comes that Note.
Infinite in its song
Entrancing in its ecstasy of joy ;
Delicate as the sweet perfume
of flowers in beds of delicate hues !
Imperceptible as moonlight falls
Dropping, sprinkling, gilding the Earth ;
So stealing, slowly, delicate
The Note of the Flute Supreme doth come
And overtaking unawares
Doth fill the world.

Harken to that Note Supreme !
 There the horde of gods have gathered
 And greet mankind's great star of luck
 And greet this happy hour of its Godhood.
 Chant the hymns of victory and peace.
 Their drums of festive joys do thunder.
 Their songs of peace, of happy daughters,
 Their songs of blissful sons victorious—
 All awaken a charming soothing echo
 In the woods of Infinitude ;
 Delicate, stealing, sweet and gleaming
 Like a starling's solitary beam.
 Harken to that Note Supreme !

Jayanta : Jaya !
 Receive thy initiation
 From the sage-God even of the Gods on
 high
 Into thy search after Light.
 Untouched by man
 Bloom into a Brahma-virgin from a
 royal maiden !

Devarshi : From the buds of royal maidens
 Will there bloom full lilies of Brahma-
 virgins.
 Jaya, here is the foundation of thy Home.
 Below is writ : " Pure life."
 And here is the banner of thy shrine—
 The floating streamer bears :
 " Life's full realisation."

Kas'i Raja : But, virgin of the Search Supreme,
 What'will you do in your home !

Jaya : Noble Prince,
 The Ganges washed my sins ;
 The Mother suckled me on chastity ;
 Those ideals chaste

I will spread afflorescing over the earth
 On yonder bank is Jayanta's Rama-Home;
 On this bank Jaya founds her home of
 Seetahood.

Great epics of heroism sings he there;
 Poetry of Crowning Love will here be writ.
 There shines the philosophy of the Supreme
 Birth

Here shall I sing my songs to Its Glory
 and Light.

The Lord all womanhood commanded thus
 "'Tis yours to give the world its birth
 and suckling."

In this my home

Milch cows I'll verily breed

That to this world will yield

All hopes, all ideals and ambitions too.

These cows will feed with the milk of life
 This mortal world.

And rear of mere men great Gods;

Will sprinkle the earth with nectar showers

And immortal ones will then descend

In every court, in every garden on the
 earth.

Rajarani :

My daughter this

Has now become the mother of all men !

'Tis better to found a home than marry a
 throne

—provided one knows—a hundred times.

(Enter Nritya dasi singing.)

Nritya dasi :

SONG.

O saint mine,

Toilsome is the track to these woods

Toilsome—toilsome far

Track to these woodland wilds.

No bunyan groves their cool shades weave,

No resting places invite the weary tramp ;
 By bathing ghauts no placid rivers flow
 Lonesome, wearisome is the track.
 Oh ! the day sets and cool night-breath
 soothes
 But the fires that burn in the heart are
 there—
 Ever-wearying, ever-burning, ever-scorch-
 ing
 Toilsome is the track to the woods.

Jaya : Thy sufferings will not be fruitless,
 Sufferer great !
 The tranquillest resting place wilt thou
 too have !

Nritya dasi : Yogini mother,
 Even here the heavenly dancing maidens
 dance.

Devasrhi : An act is not a sin, O suffering maid,
 Sin lies in the view of approach to an act.
 Joys are not to be not-desired ;
 The burning thirst for sensuous joys is sin.
 Those who wed and found a home
 Carry a torch to the searchland of the High
 If they but curb and tame to their will
 Their yearning for the pleasures of the
 Earth.
 Study these fine distinctions, thou
 Of what an act impelled with passion is
 And what that is
 When initiated by one's self
 And rooted in an enlightened sense of
 what it ought to be.
 Once learn this—
 And all things will ope their secrets to
 thine eyes.
 To passionately thirst for joys, is not

JAYA AND JAYANTA

To take them as they come and make the
most of them.

The great detached, Janaka of Oudh
—did he not have his pleasures of the
world

But—by his touch he rendered earthly
pleasures pure.

Jaya : Enlightened sage ! Oh heavenly saint !
Your message—

Devarshi : Jaya,
Thy life to the lapse of to-day
Has not been lived in vain.
Come, child, put on this scarf of light,
Live pure and bright like it for ever.
By word of mouth, by deed of hand,
By thought of mind for ever keep
Thy soul like this thy scarf—
—And let the scarf be
Even as thy soul is and will be.

Kas'i Raja's Queen :

(To Kas'i Raja.)
My noble Lord ! can this ever be ?
My costly sari's inlaid with pearls and
gems.
Where may I have and with what cost
Such jewelled filmy-sheets of soul ?

Jaya : With the blessing of the Godly sage,
With the teachings of the seeker saint,
I shall of my initiation purpose realise
And on the Universe's throne instal the
Supreme Light.

Devarshi : Princess Jaya ! Prince Jayanta !
When you were mere baby seedlings,
I had looked full deep into your eyes !

And there had seen this glorious hour of
to-day.

Those buds of hope have blossomed full.

To-day I have conquered Nature

And her volcanic forces

And you, my pupils, you have conquered
me ;

My soul soars high for joy

And looks on this Earth's great glory—

My very work has found its purpose

Realised to-day.

Desire, Jayanta ! Have a boon, O Jaya !

Ask for the storehouse of all my holy deeds.

Jayanta : Give me but one, O sage divine
The souls of people should not half-
evolved stop.

Jaya : Give me but one, O sage divine
World's men and women live their life
in full
And should not want in anything.

Devarshi : So let it be, children of my soul's adoption.
Those who will try, shall get
All the wealth ye have asked me for.
Kas'i Raja, this is the hour
Sprinkling and everlasting life on earth ;
Lay the home's foundation
On the head of the Earth-bearing Snake.
Daughter Jaya ! Put on this scarf of light.

(Kas'i Raja lays the foundation stone.
All chant hymns of blessing. The
nymphs sing auspicious songs).

Devarshi : (pointing to Jaya and Jayanta.)
'Tis he alone,
The soul celibate

JAYA AND JAYANTA

Consecrated to the search
 After the supreme It.
 'Tis she alone,
 The virgin in eternity
 Consecrated to the search Infinite
 Both holy shining stars in Creation's
 Temple great.

(Jaya puts on the scarf of light. Each
 leaf in the Brahma woods emits
 flames of light. After greeting Tejaba
 vowed to austerities enters praying
 to the Brahma sage.)

Tejaba :

SONG.

Oh ! Devarshi of the far, far, climes ;
 Oh Crown of the Brotherhood of Supreme
 Light ;
 The messages of Him who even of the
 Gods is the Lord
 To us of the Earth do give, O saint of
 saints ;
 To the woe-begone give but a bright
 soothing word ;
 To humanity speak just one flashing word
 of Light.
 Let the promise of perfection go to those
 that lack ;
 Let shimmer the dawns that gloom will
 drive away.
 Each earthly home let purity perfume ;
 In each breath may the Lord his dwelling
 appoint.

Devarshi
Brahmarshi

So let it be

Jaya :

Chaste anchorite,
 So let it be !

- Tejaba :* Utter these words, O those that to the
world do good.
Proclaim all over the world
Re-echoing in all men's heart
That these, the vows of all are not,
Over the senses he who has high control,
The valorous warrior, conqueror of-self,
The king of thinkers who hath attained
To detachment all-embracing and firm—
Such only may take
These ascetic vows
Of eternal celibacy founded on Love
And consecrate himself
On the altar of the Supreme Flame.
- Devarshi :* Holy maiden,
Of these vows these verily are
The set of rules.
- Tejaba :* Those who vanquish the demons of the
mind,
Whom Vishnu gives his victorious bow ;
Who on their life's string
Fix a sure-aimed arrow ;
And who achieve
Devoted to the task of Freedom High
An enlightened Sight.
Victory to warriors such
All over Nature's all enfolding arms.
- All :* So let it be !
Holy anchorite
So let it Be !
- Tejaba :* Say, all inmates of this home, say,
Victory to the Light Supreme !
Victory to those that seek that Light !
Victory to the women brave

JAYA AND JAYANTA

Who follow in the wake of the Light !
Victory ! Victory ! Victory to all !

(The nymphs sing melodious songs.
A white effulgent light shines every-
where.)

SCENE 6

TWO CANOES OF JAYA AND JAYANTA EACH IN THE MID-
STREAM OF THE GANGES ON A FULL MOON NIGHT.

(Both glide on the waters singing the
song of the sacred world-stream).

SONG.

Jayanta : In one eternal whirl,—
Intoxicating giddy whirl—
Incessant and infinite whirl—
The holy world-stream eddying flows.
* * * *

On the holy stream of the world, O Jaya,
We left our frail barques floating free.
Look there, 'tis a boiling, seething eddy ;
Thy canoe do row with care and trip.

Jaya : Many an eddy have I crossed, Jayanta,
On the madly rushing world's weltering
tide.
They did not sink, they will not sink
—Our canoes frail but God-protected.

Jayanta : But, Jaya, behind the eddy
Stands that rock like grim Death
Hungering for its victim there.

Jaya : Like the Eagle's young ones
Top to top of the ice-clad range
We used to leap, Jayanta
What is rock to us ?

JAYA AND JAYANTA

Nothing—nothing on earth is there
 That our barques will wreck.
 Look at the sky, Jayanta.
 On the placid moonlight's sea
 The night's orb floats
 So too the moons of our souls
 On the ocean of pure life sure will float.

SONG.

Waters heave of pure essence
 And bathe and rock on the tidal waves
 The pure-souled, good-lucked of the Lord
 The mighty world-stream eddying whirls.
 * * * *

Jayanta : No fear have we, Jaya !
 Pure life our sails
 And faith in the Lord our steering gear
 —No barque with these
 May fear even Satan's self.
 But, Jaya, this our life
 Is not being lived in vain, I hope ?
 Look, Jaya, look there :—
 The breakers surging high,
 And death rides each wave's crest.
 On the brink line of the sky.
 O Jaya, see that cloudlet
 No bigger than a man's hand.
 Slowly stealing will it come
 And the dripping moonlight will eclipse.

Jaya : Death the body kills ;
 Not the aura built up of holy deeds.
 That never dies, immortal in the world.
 Our autumnal night
 When the moon shone full,
 —Recallest thou, Jayanta ?—
 A full eclipse took place—

On the summit—source of the holy Ganges
did we both witness it.
But that unbroken left
The moon's ambrosial disc light-dealing.

Jayanta :

True, Jaya, 'Tis ever true.
Like the sun and the moon
The aura of holy deeds
Is born from an eternal source.
“ Is ” is the name of the supreme It.
That “ Is ” doth never die.
Sow then, O Jaya,
Oh woman seeker,
Celibate of eternal time,
The seeds of holy life.
Scatter wide over all the earth
Intensive and profuse
The nectar stores of sweetness High
And when thy holy harvest is ripe,
Reap it and serve it in plenteous doles
To those that thirst for purity and light.
Lo ! the world is thirsting for them
And brief is the human life's span
But of great, pure, holy deeds
The life is as immortal as that O' the soul.
Row on our canoes slim,
O mother of mankind,
Along the tidal rush of this sacred stream ;
And here commence
Our pilgrimage great
To ever lasting Infinitude

(Jaya and Jayanta rowing their canoes
and singing their song of the world-
stream slide on the waters in the
moon-light).

The sons of Sagara saved the Ganges—
The ever whirling, ever roaring stream
Of the world's mad-rushing waters will

JAYA AND JAYANTA

Mankind too save so they reach the mouth
And lose themselves in th' ocean of
Supreme Light.

Life-giving, soothing, everlasting
Blissful fills Its all-pervading breath
The Universe : O Pure-souled women and
men,

Lose yourselves on its full enjoyment
day and night.

The world's stream mighty, whirling rolls
to eternal Light.

Devarshi :

(From an heavenly etheroplane.)

(Suspended in space stopped in its
course while the song was being sung)

Matter and Spirit,
This and That,
Both thou know to be.
Beginning-less and Infinite.

•

SOME INDIAN CLASSICAL ALLUSIONS.

Jahnu's Daughter :

The River Ganges.

Danu's Race : The order of beings higher than man and lower than the higher manifestations of the Primordial Spirit, of the same degree of evolution as Devas but inclined to evil ways.

Diti's Race : See Danu's Race.

Rendered as " Hun and Barbarians " occasionally.

The Crown of Heavenly Queen :

See under *Deva* in appendix to Act I.

The Manasa : A lake in the Himalayas where swans abound. The poetic convention about these birds is that they feed on pearls and if milk is given to them mixed with water, they separate both and drink the former.

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APPENDIX.

ACT I.

CUPID OR EROS.—The god of sexual love. The Hindus call him Kamadeva, the shooter of flower shafts. He is said to have tried to tempt S'iva, the ascetic god who set Kama on flames and deprived him of his form.

DUSHYANTA AND S'AKUNTALA.—Hero and heroine of the famous Indian drama of S'akuntala by Kalidas. The King forgot all about his marriage owing to a curse, and repudiated his wife. He remembered the whole thing on finding the marriage-ring, and called back the Queen who meanwhile had given birth to Bharata, the future Emperor of India called by the Hindus after him BHARATAVARSHA.

SONS OF SAGARA.—Sagara was a king of Ayodhya or Oudh. His sons insulted sage Kapila who reduced them to ashes. Bhagiratha, the grandson of the surviving son brought down the Ganges from the Heaven and led the stream on till the ashes of his ancestors were bathed in it and their souls saved.

ACT. II.

RATI.—Prototype of Venus, but unlike Venus Rati is the wife of Kama.

CHARVAKA.—The famous atheist-materialist philosopher of ancient India.

THE MASTER SAINT'S FESTIVAL.—The last day of the Month of Ashadha on which the Hindus celebrate the festival of their spiritual preceptors.

KAS'IVIS'VES'VARA AND MANIKARNIKA.—A famous temple and a bathing ghaut in Benares.

THE CUCKOO.—Indian poetic convention treats the cuckoo or the Indian KOIL as the bird of first love.

BUDDHAHOOD.—The stage of intellectual and spiritual enlightenment.

THE IMMORTAL THIRD.—The third day of the month of Vais'akha which is so named.

ACT III.

DHANVANTARI.—The most famous physiologist and medicologist of ancient India.

"I KNOW NOT CORONETS ETC."—This verse is from the famous Indian epic the Ramayana. Lakshmana, the brother of Rama is shown by the wild men of the South some of the ornaments thrown down by Seeta from above while in the course of being carried away by Ravana, the King of Ceylon. Lakshmana only recognises the anklets worn on the feet. The other personages mentioned in this connection are all characters in the Ramayana held up as ideals of specific virtues.

PATANJALI.—The first philosopher of the Yoga school of Ancient India.

NINE CONTINENTS.—The world known to ancient Indians was divided into nine continents. India was Jambu dveepa.

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